The Nationalist.

FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

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THE NATIONALIST.

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Ireland.

If we are to credit the utterances of the Home Rulers, the time is not far distant when the "orange and green shall carry the day." On the 14th ult., an enthusiastic demonstration took place outside of Enniskillen. Flags of green and orange waved above the platform, and the orangemen of that orange town lent their drums to inspirit the meeting. There may be little sense in a Home Rule gathering, but nothing could be more full of promise than this fraternal shaking of hands between enemies so long foolishly employed in cutting one another's throats.

The *Irishman*, of April 19th, says of that venerable politician, Sir George Bowyer, that "he can be a Home Ruler, a whig, or a Carlist agent without being troubled by any qualms of conscience. As the chairman of a committee organized specially to support the pillaging followers of Don Carlos, he enables us to see at least two sides of his character. While he shouts for Irish independence he gives the Carlists money, and pats them on the back as they go forward to slaughter their kindred and drown in blood a Republic founded in peace. The Irish of London naturally feel a strong indignation."

The treatment, which Mr. Mac Aleese was reported to receive in prison, turns out to be that of a common felon. This is an additional outrage on the Press at the hands of men who are never done boasting of all they do to support the liberty and dignity of the Press.

The death is announced at Manchester, England, of a a young and gallant Irish revolutionist, John Charles Walshe, at the early age of twenty-four years. At the grave Mr. Glynn pronounced a glowing eulogy on the merits of the departed patriots. "He never once faltered in his devotion to the old cause, but steadfastly and manfully labored for it. Let us hope that the loss we mourn to-day will be the means of causing us to grasp each other more firmly by the hand in order to fill up the vacant place of our highly-esteemed and deeply-lamented countryman. Where he here, in a position to be consulted, I feel sure he would say—let the last utterance at my grave be those ever-memorable words—God save Ireland!"

Mr. Walshe was born in the parish of Ross, County Galway, and went to England in November, 1865, where he labored unceasingly till a few days before his untimely death.

Contributions are coming in respectably for the Reddin fund. Bernard McAnulty has sent £72 towards swelling it from Newcastle on Tyne.

This week's mail brings us four inquests in Dublin, and news of a brawl in which a young man named Cooke, a grocer's assistant, lost his life by having the point of an umbrella thrust into his eye. Michael Furlong, a tailor from Kells, was killed by taking a walk along the Dublin and Kingstown railroad, and lying down on the track when the train was approaching.

In Wexford, Wm. Gaffey is elected Commissioner of the Harbor Board, *vice* Richard J. Deverenx resigned.

In Kinsale, there are 5,000 fishermen on strike, and the masons, carpenters, painters, slaters, and plasterers have imitated their example.

The Judges have decided that the "Irish" society, all Londoners, own all the fish in the Bann from Lough Neagh to the sea.

Mr. Biggar complains that in Belfast jail, Mr. MacAleese is receiving the treatment of a footpad.

Eight of Lord Leitrines tenants are lodged in Lifford jail for having refused, under legal advice, to pay the fines imposed on them for cutting turf in their own bogs.

We don't intend to trouble our readers with petty details about bankruptcies, pig fairs, police promotions, and marriages and deaths of British nobodies.

England.

The English yoeman don't want to be soldiers, they have indeed so little martial fire that they don't want to be officers even.

A return to the House of Commons, in reply to a motion of Lord Elcho's, showed that on the 1st of March last there were 2,233 commissions vacant in the Volunteer force.

In the House of Commons last Friday night, Lord John Hamilton made some wonderful discoveries regarding the English-American treaty of 1846. He called attention to the nature of the treaty in 1846, which under the treaty of Washington was submitted, together with the Northwestern boundry question, to the decision of the German Emperor. He regretted that the English Government had allowed that part of the Oregon treaty to be interpreted as fatal to the just claims of England. The Rosario Strait, long after 1846, was the only known navigable channel between Oregon and Vancouver's Island, and hence was undoubtedly the channel indicated in the treaty of 1846. Yet the Government, with unhappy ingenuity, concluded on arbutration from a consideration of this particular channel. He found no fault with Emperor William. He thought the Geneva Arbitrators would have acted more wisely, had they anticipated his method, and confined themselves to rendering their decision without giving reasons therefor.

We might be considered stupid in copying English news from the *Chronicle*, but as we find by our London exchanges, that the *Chronicle* leader (Pity 'tis tis true) is itself stolen we deem ourselves entitled to spoil the spoiler. The Queen, widow Victoria, graciously looked down three weeks ago on her subjects, had as much parade on the occasion of the opening of a park in London last month as the government paid for and found the ungrateful people "silent, sullen and undemonstrative." We credit the four words which the *Chronicle* prints, and furthermore we understand them. We would not insult that live paper by insinuating that it does.

There is a new trouble on English railroads. The London papers denounce horse railroads as public nuisances; and one of them so far from recommending Englishmen to imitate the American system, talks of the present discomforts in the following fashion:

The individual who rejoices in the alliterative title of the Railway Ruffian is once more cropping up in the papers. This time he has a ring and a mustache, and a nasty coarse voice, and he tells the ladies whom he honors with his delicate attentions that it's a "habit he's got." Now all the unpleasantness which is constantly arising through ladies travelling by themselves on the railway would be obviated if the companies were compelled to attach to every train a first, second, and third class "Ladies Compartment." All the Continental lines have them, and many of the English, but there should be no exception to the rule. It would be a real blessing to the ladies themselves, and it would be a boon indeed to male travelers, many of whom are as nervous of the solitary female passenger as a cockney cook is of a "black-beadle." If there were also a special carriage for ladies accompanied by offspring under two years of age, it would be as well. A railway journey is frequently monotonous, but anyone who has travelled 150 miles with a bad-tempered baby would prefer that the monotory should rest unbroken rather than be enlivened as it is upon such occasions.

Pacific Coast.

The Modocs seem to have outgeneralled the boys in blue. Instead of being hemmed in and captured in the lava beds, they streamed out almost unseen through the army "cordon," and are now scattered around the country to the terror of settlers and confusion of strategists. Whether they will amalgamate with other tribes, give up fighting and pretend they never took up arms, or turn professional horse thieves, remains a mystery to even those most concerned. The inhuman scalping of wounded men and even of a few women by white savages may be expected to bear bitter fruit. The late losses on the part of our troops have been severe considering the numbers engaged; but exaggerations to a great extent prevail, and our daily papers are doing their utmost to turn mole-hills into mountains.

Van Bremer, just from Hot Springs Valley, says the Ptt River Indians are peaceably disposed and fear the Modocs. The Modoc squaws and children have not come among them, as previously reported.

Lieutenant Knox has started from Camp McDermttt with the soldiers lately arrived from Camp Halleck, to join Captain Wagner in looking after the Stein Mountain Indians. Up to last advices everything was quiet.

A raid was made on Chinatown, Winnemucca, May 4th, by a lot of Chinamen. After a few pistol shots and stone throwing, one man was stabbed in the back and others wounded. Several are under arrest.

Pardoned—At the November term 1870, in the District Court in Los Angeles County, Daniel Newman was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the State Prison for ten years. On Monday last he was pardoned by the Governor and restored to citizenship. This action resulted from a petition signed by all the jurymen, the Judge who tried him and many good citizens. Notice of the petition was given and no remonstances were made. It was deemed his punishment had been sufficient, and his former good character, added to all, induced the Executive action.

The action of E. C. Thomas is indicative of a noble heart and a christain spirit. Though the son of the late Dr. Thomas, who was murdered by the Modocs, he has written a letter to the Hon. A. A. Sargent, deprecating the policy of extermination which is being put in force against the Indians, and urging that the peace policy of the nation towards them should not be changed in obedience to the frenzy of the hour. The letter breathes a spirit of forgiveness which many persons will be unable to appreciate or understand.

The steamer "Monterey" has started for the Gold Bluffs with a party determined to take their stand on the "shining shore," and make as much as possible of the filthy lucre.

In dealing with the Modoc difficulty, General Sherman shows that he fully appreciates the situation, and has entered upon the subject with characteristic energy. All reinforcements required to be sent to Gen. Schofield without delay, to the last man that can be spared: A regiment will be conveyed to Omaha to be in readiness for a prompt movement. A body of four hundred Indian scouts will be raised for service against the Modocs just as fast as fit men can be found.

FARMERS IN POLITICS.—The new order composed entirely of tillers of the soil and called Patrons of Husbandry are soon to become a gigantic power. The moment the order steps into the political arena as a distinct party organization, it will sow the seeds of dissolution within its own body and at the same time array every other interest in the country in hostility against it. It is composed of men of both parties and may control their nominations and dictate their policy, by remaining as it is and exercising its power on their primary action. We presume this is the purpose, simply because it is common sense.

General Crook having made it too hot for the Apaches to operate in Arizona, they have transferred their attentions to Sonora and committed various murders there. The Apaches have fully earned the character of being the worst of bad Indians.

The Bogart court-martial drags its slow length along and may be expected to terminate by the Fourth of July.

United States.

The State authorities are said to have ordered the prosecution of Charles M. Morris, the well-known maker of perfumery at Albany, for painting large advertisements of his "Camille" and other perfumes on every canal bridge and lock in the State. He will probably welcome the suit with outstretched hands, as it will be one of the best advertising cards yet invented.

The happy condition of New York City may be inferred from the report of a row which occurred there last Sunday evening, in front of a liquor saloon on Turner street. Two officers sent to quell it were obliged to run for life, but were overtaken by the crowd and their billies taken from them. While the mob was beating them off another officer, named Joseph Beaumont, came up, and to save himself and the other officers, fired two shots. The crowd ran away after the shooting.

The labor strike continues in Rhode Island and some other States east, with no sign of early settlement.

Tin-smithing appears destined to become a profession and be a trade no longer. It is one of the industries with which Girard College begins its department of industrial training. Others will be added in time. One hundred and twenty pupils of about twelve years of age are to work part of the day and attend school during the other hours. Because, in the country, district schools leave long intervals for farm labor, it is argued that a similar mixture of mental and industrial education will be good and useful in the city. We regard this movement looking to the elevation of labor and the recognition of its dignity as one of the things America may proudly boast of.

Senators Casserly and Bayard left Washington Monday last for Richmond, where they will start out on a tour of inspection of the proposed James River and Kanhawa improvement, connecting Chesapeake Bay with the Ohio river. He and Bayard will be accompanied by United States engineers, who have surveyed the proposed line, and by Colonel Carrington, President of the James River and Canhowa Company, and other citizens of Virginia.

Two bands of Mexican robbers, numbering thirty each, are operating in Nueces county, Texas, sacking stores and robbing travelers. Farmers are compelled to leave their work to protect their homes.

Navigation is open to Prince Edward's Island. Steps are taken to annex the Island to the Dominion of Canada.

A great Russian colony is coming to the United States. Their agents passed through St. Louis this week en route for Southen Kansas and Texas, to select locations for a colony of 40,000 persons, now in Russia, which country they have decided to leave.

The people of Newburg, New York, are much exercised now over the order of the School Board closing the colored schools and assigning the pupils among the schools now used exclusively for white children. There are apprehensions of a general withdrawal of white children from the schools.

In the Seward memorial services celebrated last month in Albany, New York, Charles Francis Adams terminated the oration with the following: "The line of great statesmen in America may or stretch out in yon bright track that fires the western skies, to the crack of doom, but the memory of him who guided our course through the most appalling tempest yet experienced in our annals, can scarcely fail to confront all future aspirants in the same honorable career, as an example which every one of them may intimate to his advantage, but which few can hope to be so fortunate as to excel."

THERE are reports that fighting has begun between our troops and the Blackfeet Indians on our nothern boundary.

THE Russian government assures the Shah of Persia that his territory shall be respected in the coming unpleasantness on the frontier.

JUBAL EARLY, Phil Sheridan's old antagonist, is being pressed by the Conservatives in Virginia as a candidate for Governor to succeed the present incumbent, Walker.

VESSEL owners in Chicago and Detroit interested in lake navigation have sent remonstrances to the Michigan Legislature against the building of railroad bridges across the Detroit or St. Clair rivers.

MANY sugar planters of Louisiana are going to devote a large portion of their lands to raising rice.

Foreign.

We are likely to have the name of the United States highly honored abroad, if our citizens continue to do us honor as they have done lately. The action of our Commissioners at Vienna, in selling privileges which were granted them for gratuitous distribution to exhibitors, has given us a lift in the world. Now comes a little revelation from the other side of the globe. The New York *Tribune*, this week, editorially denounces Minister De Long, and charges him with not daring, through cowardice, to live at the Capital of Japan, and with malfeasance in office. It charges that he has knowingly presented fraudulent bills to the Japanese Government and has intermeddled in affairs with which he was forbidden to have anything to do. It also states that he has maintained a sympathetic communication with those rebellious persons opposed to the Mikado. In short, he has disgraced the United States in every possible manner and seriously endangered our good understanding with the Government of Japan. The *Tribune* professes itself able to establish all the facts alleged by ample evidence.

The census of the Sandwich Islands has recently been taken, which shows the total population of the kingdom to be 56,897. For a considerable period the population of these islands has been steadily decreasing. In 1832 the number of inhabitants was estimated at 130,000; in 1861 a census showed the number to be 69,800, of whom 2716 were foreign born; in 1866 another census was taken, giving a total of 62,966, of whom 4194 were foreigners; and in 1871 the latest census was ordered, showing 56,897 population, of whom 5366 are foreigners. Thus the total is steadily decreasing, although the number who are of foreign birth increases. Of the natives 30,044 are of full blood and 2487 are half-breeds. Of the foreigners there are 1938 Chinese, 889 Americans, 619 from Great Britain, 226 Germans, 88 French, and 395 Portuguese, other nations having small numbers. The estimated decennial rate of decrease in the number of full-blood natives is twenty per cent.

A number of Carlist prisoners, confined in one of the Canary Islands, mutinied, several days ago, and the guard was compelled to fire on them, under order of the authorities, to secure submission. Many of the prisoners were killed and wounded.

The Santa Cruz Powder Works Company is to erect new and extensive powder factories at or near the old papermills.

From the last accounts of the condition of the sufferers from the late accident on the Grand Trunk Railroad near Saixanxe, none of them appear to be of a very serious nature except in the case of Mr. Deane Slack.

Information has arrived at the Department of State, Washington, that Jas. J. O'Kelly has been removed from Santiago de Cuba to Havana, and that the case against him is made much less formidable than has been hitherto supposed.

The Frankfort Germans showed what their opinion is of people who would raise the price of beer. Sixteen breweries were wrecked by the rioters, and there was much plundering. During the conflicts which took place, twelve persons were killed and forty wounded. One hundred and twenty of the rioters were arrested. Now, we would like to know what would the Frankfort men do if they came to San Francisco and had to pay fifteen cents for a glass of muddy liquor.

a critical condition. The other sufferers are improving rapidly and several have left for their homes to-day. A number of the injured left here last Saturday, having sufficently recovered to resume thier journey.

The United States surveying expedition has completed its survey of Lake Nicaragua.

A landslide from a neighboring mountain has demolished forty four houses in the town of Piescobamba, Peru, and killed thirty-six people.

Europe.

Through the scandalous action of the jobbers first sent to Vienna, as Commissioners to the grand Exposition, considerable confusion ensued, but the work of preparing the American section of the Exposition building is in progress; and the temporary commission is working with energy to give Americans a fair chance of representing themselves with credit.

General Sickles has presented to President Figueras the congratulations of the American Government on the establishment of the Spanish republic and the abolition of slavery.

Recruiting for volunteers to be brought into active service against the Carlists and other disturbers, is in active progress throughout Spain, and is meeting with marked success. The enemies of the Republic are, therefore, growing more and more disheartened.

United States Minister Orr, having died at St. Petersburg, there ensues at Washington a good deal of ear-wigging and wire-pulling among embryo statesmen as to who shall get the position.

ON the 9th ult., a shell exploded on board her Brittanic Majesty's gunnery ship "Cambridge," during practice at Davenport. It has been ascertained that many persons were hurt, but beyond this nothing can be learned, as the authorities refuse to allow details of the occurrence to be made public.

THE Mitchell Testimonial fund is assuming respectable proportions. The impression seems to prevail as indeed it ought, that, though this is the period of Testimonials, the tribute to one of Ireland's foremost patriots is—so far as the Irish race is concerned—the Testimonial of the Period.

A BILL making civil marriages compulsory is about to be introduced in the German Parliament It is a sad thing if Germans are not to be allowed to marry in any way they please.

Latest Telegraphic News.

LONDON.—A special dispatch to the London *Telegraph* says that war is probable between Russia and Bokhara.

ROME.—The Pope to-day received deputations from Spain, who brought large contributions.

The Carlists lost fifty-killed in their attack a few days since on the town of Vera, in Navarra.

It is reported that the Commissary General of the Carlist forces has absconded, taking with him all the cash on hand.

It is expected that telegraphic communication by cable between Portugal and Madeira will be opened in July.

The Government of Holland asks the Chamber of Deputies for an appropriation of five and a half millions of florins for expenses of the Atchinese war.

A dispatch from Shanghai announces the capture by the Imperialists of the city of Talifo.

The *Nord*, Russian journal published in this city, in its issue this afternoon, denies that the Khan of Khiva has offered an unconditional submission to the Russian demand. The *Nord* says that it is true that the Khan has released the prisoners held in captivity, but has at the same time demanded the immediate withdrawal of the Russian expedition against Khiva, with other conditions which could not be accepted by the Czar.

The correspondent to the London *Daily News* ridicules the American department of the Exhibition, and gives the following as a correct list of articles to be seen in the section assigned to the United States: Two cases Colt's firearms three binnacles, one stuffed eagle, two saltsellars a dentist's chair, and six bottles of water taken from the Mississippi river.

Chief Justice Chase the sixth person who has held that position, the most exalted under the Government, next to that of President, died on Wednesday quite suddenly.

Hon. Oakes Ames died at North Easton, Mass. May 7th.

DEVINE RESPITED.—The following dispatch was received by Sheriff Adams on Thursday:

SACRAMENTO, May 8.—James Adams, Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco—I have granted Devine a respite for five days.

NEWTON BOOTH.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8th, 1873.

EDITOR NATIONALIST:—Permit me through the columns of your journal to call the attention of Irish National organizations in this city to a want that has been felt by Irish workingmen, not only in San Francisco, but in every city in the United States of America. I mean an Irish Trades' Union Society, either independent in itself, or engrafted on some Irish society already in existence. The object of said society to assist our own countrymen, whether residents or strangers, to obtain employment. Many Irish societies exist throughout the United States, benevolent, national and patriotic, each requiring a subscription of greater amount or less, for the ultimate benefit of Fatherland. But there is no Irish society that I know of that helps the Irish workingman to employment, before he is asked to subscribe to national purposes. It is to suggest a remedy for this grievaance that I trespass on your space, knowing that whatever tends to elevate our countrymen, morally or socially, must be of some interest to the NATIONALIST. Having had many years of working experience in the principal cities of Great Britain and the United States, I find that it is hard up-hill work for an unassisted stranger, even to make out a living in the towns and cities of the great Republic. Other nationalities have their friendly societies, both secret and otherwise, to lend a helping hand to their countrymen. Why not the Irish have theirs? But few cities in the Union can boast of more wealthy Irishmen than San Francisco, as capitalists, bankers, merchants and employes in various trades. Do they patronize their own countrymen as other foreigners do. They do not. And why? Perhaps they did not know where to find them. Let us not give them this excuse in future; but have in San Francisco, and every other city in America, a Trades' Union Society, where both skilled and unskilled labor can be found if sought after. Both natives and foreign-born citizens prefer their own countrymen as employees. "Other things being equal," the Irish workingman asks no more than this from Irish employers. Perhaps it is owing to the want of a society, from which to draw a supply of skilled and unskilled labor, that our rich and prosperous countrymen of San Francisco have heretofore neglected to do their duty to their humble brethren. I propose a remedy for this want, in San Francisco at least, namely: that the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Irish Confederation do each organize a Trades' Union Society, whose officers can communicate with Irish employers and others in want of workmen, in this city and throughout the State of California. This would serve a double purpose, as it would help many of our countrymen to employment, and also swell the ranks of the Irish Nationalists of San Francisco. We all know there are many calls on the slender resources of workingmen. The patriotic balls for the present are past, and now the National picnics are under headway, all for the "men in the gap," and out of the gap. Could we not do something sensible for the men amongst us, in order to enable them to contribute their quota to these balls, picnics and other National contributions. I will not further trespass on your space for the present, but invite your attention to this important subject, in order that it may be brought before the notice of the Irish societies I have already named. Your assistance may lead to the formation of such an Irish Trades' Union Society as would benefit many a hard working man, promote good feeling among the different classes of our countrymen, and extend the sphere of usefulness of the Irish Nationalists of San Francisco. As a workingman, I feel the pressing need of something like this being done.

OREGON PINE.

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 10, 1873.

Prospectus

—OF—

THE NATIONALIST,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Published Every Saturday at No. 5 Post Street,

San Francisco,

—BY THE—

Nationalist Printing and Publishing Company.

The friends of Ireland and the friends of universal freedom have long felt the want on this Coast of a newspaper which should rigorously exclude from its columns all matters not tending to the advocacy of their principles, the defense of their rights, the increase of their knowledge and numbers, the elevation of their sentiments and character, and the formation of an effective union among all sections, parties, creeds and classes of liberty-loving Irishmen and their allies.

To supply this want, as well as to contribute something towards the establishment of a Republic on Irish soil, and the spread of free institutions to every part of the earth, has the NATIONALIST been established. The importance of the work to be performed and the necessity of performing it well, has led to the formation of a Joint-Stock Company of Irishmen, Irish-Americans and others, with he title given above. This Company undertakes to publish the NATIONALIST in future, and pledges itself that this newspaper shall be distinguished by the following characteristics.

1. IT'S MAIN OBJECT SHALL BE THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL. As means towards that end, it will inculcate the necessity of a cordial union among all sections of Irishmen, irrespective of creed, race or locality; the advisability of forgiving and forgetting past differences; the need that exists for harmony among the different organizations of Irishmen; the fatility of expecting Irish liberty from any other source than Irish arms in Irish hands; the duty that is incumbent on Irish-Americans to sympathize with and assist their brothers at home; and the most efficient mode of rendering that assistance most conducive to its intended object.

2. It will advocate the cause of all oppressed peoples, and the right of every nation to its own autonomy.

3. It will favor the spread of Republicanism and free institutions among all nations, and oppose aristocracy and monarchy by every honorable means at its disposal.

4. In religion it will be strictly neutral, excluding from its columns all references to religious and sectarian subjects. This is believed to be not only expedient, but necessary, as religious differences have been the bane of many generations of Irishmen.

5. Sectionalism, or ignorant prejudices arising among men because of their coming from different parts of Ireland, shall be discountenanced, and its criminality exposed.

6. No line of the NATIONALIST shall ever be devoted to indulgence in unfriendly personalities. When, however, the principles of Irish nationality or of American republicanism are attacked the attack shall be vigorously repelled.

7. In the politics of the City of San Francisco and of the State of California, the NATIONALIST shall be strictly neutral, regarding party affiliations as no cause for making any man a friend or an enemy.

8. It will also be neutral but friendly in its treatment of the internal affairs of the United States, but in reference to the foreign policy of the country, it will hold itself thoroughly independent.

9. A speciality will be made of giving publicity to all matters of interest to the Irish societies and military companies of the City and of the State.

10. The Labor Movement and the respective rights and obligations of Workingmen and Capitalists shall receive that attention which their great importance demands.

No effort shall be spared to make the NATIONALIST a first-class weekly. Able correspondents from Dublin, New York, St. Louis, Sydney and other important points, have promised their best assistance. The latest Irish and other European intelligence shall be given, interesting news from all lands shall find a place, Californian and local matters shall receive due attention, the business, farming and manufacturing interests of the coast shall not be lost sight of; original Essays and reviews of current literature shall be made a speciality, and the whole will, it is expected, prove our paper mindful of the past, alive to the present, and watchful for the future. The main object of this undertaking being the Union of Irishmen with a view towards Irish independence, all the obstacles which might impede that union have been, as far as possible, removed, so that the NATIONALIST might furnish a platform broad enough to give standing room to all genuine lovers of liberty. Among the stockholders of this Company are representatives of almost all the Irish organizations of California, whether revolutionary, benevolent, literary or military. While we rely on our future performances rather than our present promises, while we believe ourselves competent, as well as determined, to repel the attacks of all enemies of our cause, and while we acknowledge having already received generous support, we yet invite the cordial co-operation of all to enable us to make the NATIONALIST take a front-rank place among the newspapers devoted to the service of Ireland and Liberty.

The Giant's Stairs.

A MUNSTER LEGEND.

On the road between Passage and Cork there is an old mansion called Ronayne's Court. It may be easily known from the stack of chimneys and the gable ends, which are to be seen, look at it which way you will. Here it was that Maurice Ronayne and his wife Margaret Gould kept house, as may be learned to this day from the great old chimneypiece, on which is carved their arms. They were a mighty worthy couple, and had but one son, who was called Philip, after no less a person than the King of Spain.

Immediately on his smelling the cold air of this world the child sneezed, which was naturally taken to be a good sign of his having a clear head; and the subsequent rapidity of his learning was truly amazing, for on the very first day a primer was put into his hand he tore out the A B C page and destroyed it, as a thing quite beneath his notice. No wonder, then, that both father and mother were proud of their heir, which gave such indisputable proofs of genius, or, as they called it in that part of the world. "*genus*."

One morning, however, Master Phil, who was then just seven years old, was missing, and no one could tell what had become of him; servants were sent in all directions to seek him, on horseback and on foot, but they returned without any tidings of the boy, whose disappearance altogether was most unaccountable. A large reward was offered, but it produced them no intelligence, and years rolled away without Mr. and Mrs. Ronayne having obtained any satisfactory account of their lost child.

There lived at this time, near Carrigaline, one Robert Kelly, a blacksmith by trade. He was what is termed a handy man, and his abilities were held in much estimation by the lads and lassies of the neigbornood; for, independent of shoeing horses, which he did to great perfection, and making plough-irons, he interpreted dreams for the young women, sang Arthur O'Bradley at their weddings, and was so good-natured a fellow at a christening that he was gossip to half the country round.

Now it happened Robin had a dream himself, and young Philip Ronayne appeared in it, at the dead hour of the night. Robin thought he saw the boy mounted upon a beautiful white horse, and that he told him how he was made a page to the giant Mahon Mac Mahon, who had carried him off, and who held his court in the hard heart of the rock. "The seven years—my time of service—are clean out, Robin," said he, "and if you release me this night I will be the making of you for ever afterwards."

"And how will I know," said Robin—cunning enough, even in his sleep—"but this is all a dream?"

"Take that," said the boy, "for a token"—and at the word the white horse struck out with one hand on his hind legs, and gave Robin such a kick in the forehead that, thinking he was a dead man, he roared as loud as he could after his brains, and woke up calling a thousand murders. He found himself in bed, but he had the mark of the blow, the regular print of a horse-shoe upon his forehead as red as blood; and Robin Kelly, who never before found himself puzzled at the dream of any person, did not know what to think of his own.

Robin was well acquainted with the Giant's Stairs—as, indeed, who is not that knows the harbor? They consist of great masses of rock, which, piled one above another, rise like a flight of steps in deep water, against the bold cliff of Carrigmahon. Nor are they badly suited for for those who have legs of sufficient length to stride over a moderate sized house, or to enable them to clear the space of a mile in a hop, and a jump. Both these feats the giant MacMahon was said to have done in the days of Finnian glory; and the common tradition of the country placed his dwelling within the cliff up whose side the stairs led.

Snch was the impression which the dream made on Robin, that he determined to put its truth to the test. It occurred to him, however, before setting out on this adventure, that a plough-iron might be no bad companion, as from experience, he knew it was an excellent knock-down argument, having no more occasions than one settled a little disagreement very quietly; so, putting one on his shonlder, off he marched, in the cool of the evening, through Glaun a Showk (the Hawk's Glen) to Monkstown. Here an old gossip of his (Tom Clancey by name) lived, who, on hearing Robin's dream, promised him the use of his skiff and moreover offered to assist in rowing it to the Giant's Stairs.

After a supper, which was of the best, they embarked. It was a beautiful still night, and the little boat glided swiftly along. The regular dip of the oars, the distant song of the sailor and sometimes the voice of a belated traveler at the ferry of Carrigaloe, alone broke the quietness of the land and sea and sky. The tide was in their favor, and in a few minutes Robin and his gossip rested on their oars under the dark shadow of the Giant's Stairs. Robin looked anxiously for the entrance to the Giant's palace, which, it was said, may be found by any one seeking it at midnight; but no such entrance could he see. His impatience had hurried him there before that time, and after waiting a considerable space in a state of suspense not to be described, Robin, with pure vexation, could not help exclaiming to his companion: "'Tis a pair of fools we are, Tom Clancey, for coming here at all on the strength of a dream."

"And whose doings is it," said Tom, "but your own?"

At the moment he spoke they perceived a faint glimmering of light to proceed from the cliff which gradually increased until a porch big enough for a king's palace unfolded itself almost on a level with the water. They pulled the skiff directly towards the opening, and Robin Kelly, seizing his plough-iron, boldly entered with a strong hand and a stout heart. Wild and strange was the entrance; the whole of which appeared formed of grim and grotesque faces, blending so strangely each with the other that it was impossible to define any; the chin of one formed the nose of another; what appeared to be a fixed and stern eye, if dwelt upon changed to a griping mouth; and the lines of the lofty forehead grew into a majestic and flowing beard. The more Robin allowed himself to contemplate the faces around him, the stony expression of this crowd of faces assumed a savage ferocity as his imagination converted feature after feature into a different shape and character. Losing the twilight in which these indefinite forms were visible, he advanced through a dark and devious passage, while a deep and rumbling noise sounded as if the rock was about to close upon him and swallow him up alive for ever. Now, indeed, was poor Robin afraid.

"Robin, Robin," said he, "if you were a fool for coming here, what, in the name of fortune, are you now?" But, as before, he had scarcely spoken, when he saw a small light twinkling through the darkness of the distance, like a star in the midnight sky. To retreat was out of the question; for so many turnings and windings were in the passage that he considered he had but little chance of making his way back. He therefore proceeded toward the light, and came at last into a spacious chamber, from the roof of which hung the solitary lamp that guided him. Emerging from such profound gloom, the single lamp afforded Robin abundant light to discover several gigantic figures seated round a massive stone table, as if in serious deliberation, but no word disturbed the breathless silence which prevailed. At the head of this table sat Mahon Mac Mahon himself, whose majestic beard had taken root and in the course of ages grown into a stone slab. He was the first who perceived Robin; and instantly starting up, drew his long beard from out the huge piece of rock in such haste and with so sudden a jerk that it was shattered into a thousand pieces.

"What seek you?" he demanded in a voice of thunder.

"I come," answered Robin, with as much boldness as he could put on, for his heart was almost fainting within him; "I come," said he, "to claim Phillip Ronayne, whose time of service is out this night."

"And who sent you here?" said the giant.

"'Twas of my own accord I came," said Robin.

"Then you must single him out from among my pages," said the giant; "and if you fix on the wrong one your life is the forfeit. Follow me." He led Robin into a hall of vast extent and filled with lights, along either side of which were rows of beautiful children, all apparently seven years old and none beyond that age, dressed in green and every one exactly dressed alike.

"Here," said Mahon, "you are free to take Philip Ronayne, if you will; but, remember, I give but one choice."

Robin was sadly perplexed, for there were hundreds upon hundreds of children; and he had no very clear recollection of the boy he sought. But he walked along the hall, by the side of Mahon, as if nothing was the matter, although his great iron dress clanked fearfully at every step, sounding louder than Robin's own sledge battering on his own anvil.

They had nearly reached the end without speaking, when Robin, seeing the only means he had was to make friends with the giant, determined to try what effect a few soft words might have.

"'Tis a fine, wholesome appearance the poor children carry," remarked Robin, "although they have been here so long shut out from the fresh air and the blessed light of heaven. 'Tis tenderly you honor must have reared them!"

"Ay," said the giant "that is true for you; so give me your hand; for you are, I believe, a very honest fellow for a blacksmith."

Robin at the first look did not much like the huge size of the hand, and therefore presented his plough-iron, which the giant seizing, twisted in his grasp round and round again as if it had been a potatoe stalk. On seeing this all the children set up a shout of laughter. In the midst of their mirth Robin thought he heard his name called; and all ear and eye, he put his hand on the boy who he fancied had spoken, crying out at the same time, "Let me live or die for it, but this is young Phil Ronayne."

"It is Philip Ronayne—happy Philip Ronayne," said his young companions, and in an instant the hall became dark. Crashing noises were heard, and all was in strange confusion: but Robin held fast his prize and found himself lying in the gray dawn of the morning at the head of the Giant's Stairs, with the boy clasped in his arms.

Robin had plenty of gossips to spread the story of his wonderful adventure: Passage, Monkstown, Carrigaline—the whole barony of Kerricurriby—rung with it.

"Are you quite sure, Robin, it is young Phil Ronayne you have brought back with you?" was the regular question; for, although the boy had been seven years away, his appearance was just the same as on the day he was missed. He had neither grown taller nor older in look, and he spoke of things which had happened before he was carried off as one awakened from sleep, or as if they had occurred yesterday.

"Am I sure? Well, that's a queer question," was Robin's reply, "seeing the boy has the blue eye of the mother, with the foxy hair of the father; to say nothing of the *purty* wart on the right side of his little nose."

However Robin Kelly may have been questioned, the worthy couple of Ronayne's Court doubted not that he was the deliverer of their child from the power of the giant Mac Mahon; and the reward they bestowed on him equalled their gratitude.

Philip Ronayne lived to be an old man; and he was remarkable to the day of his death for his skill in working brass and iron, which it was believed he had learned during his seven years apprenticeship to the giant Mahon Mac Mahon.

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TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of CHRONIC DISEASES of the LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIGESTIVE and GENITO-URINARY ORGANS, and all private diseases, viz: SYPHILIS, in all its forms and stages; SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and all the horid consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHŒA, GLEET, STRICTURES, NOCTURNAL and DIURNAL EMISSIONS, SEXUAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE BACK and LOINS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER and KIDNEYS, etc., etc., and he hopes his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their remedial agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service; My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years.

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunates who require medical advice, if you have any doubt as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations advertised as infallible cures for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, etc., but never derived any benefit from them.

I am, Doctor, very truly yours, L——H——.

San Francisco, June 16th, 1864.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day June, A. D., 1864. A. S. GOULD, Notary Public

(L. S.)

SEMINAL WEAKNESS—A SWORN TO CERTIFICATE OF MOST REMARKABLE CURE OF SPERMATORRHŒA.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, alone induces me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhœa" or Seminal weakness, the result of self-abuse, but till in 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head dimness of vision, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was averse to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, but reading DR. DOHERTY'S card I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor at his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the fifth of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself.

JAMES JOHNSTON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 16th day January, A. D., 1864.

[L. S.] A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, vaginitis, all diseases of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All Married ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The doctors offices are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients male or female residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherty in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the letter or parcel transmitted.

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This little work contains information of the utmost value to all, whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address

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jy4-tf San Cal, Francisco,

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO. MAY 10, 1873.

IRISH DIRECTORY.

Third (Irish) Regiment, N. G. C. Field and Staff Officers:—A. Wason, Colonel; M. C. Bateman, Lieutenant-Colonel; J. J. Conlin, Major; P. J. Tannian, Adjutant; W. Carey Quartermaster; J. D. Cusheon, Paymaster; James Barrett, Commissary; Dr. Green, Surgeon; Rev. Father Largan, Chaplain; Color-Bearer, John Gleason.

Co. A, Montgomery Guards; Captain, C. Quinn; First Lieutenant, W. Lee; Second Lieutenant, T. Bolster, drill in Armory Hall.

Co. B, Emmet Life Guards; Captain, R. Clery; I. G. Hayden, First Lieutenant; H. Fowkes, Second Lieutenant; drill in Irish-American Hall every Thursday.

Co. C, Meagher Guards; Captain, J. Eagan; D. T. Sullivan, First Lieutenant; D. J. Sullivan, Second Lieutenant; drill in Armory Hall.

Co. D, Wolfe Tone Guards; Captain, J. Leddy; First Lieutenant, M. O'Brien; Second Lieutenant, John Byrne; drill in Armory Hall every Thursday.

Co. E, MacMahon Guards; Captain, J. H. McMenomy; First Lieutenant, H. Casey; Second Lieutenant, E. F. Gleason; drill in Hall corner Sixth and Market every Tuesday.

Co. F, Shields Guards; Captain, M. Flanagan; J. Hand, First Lieutenant; P. McEleer, Second Lieutenant; drill in Hibernia Hall every Wednesday.

Sarsfield Guards, (Independe t); Captain, H. C. Bateman; First Lieutenant, S. C. Walsh; drill in Irish-American Hall, on Tuesdays.

Co. A, Legion of St Patrick; Captain, M. B. Hughes; First Lieutenant, J. Dooley; Second Lieutenant, D. Magner; drill in Hibernia Hall every Tuesday.

Hibernia Rifles; First Lieutenant, P. A. McDonald; Second Lieutenant, M. F. Walsh; drill in Irish-American Hall every Wednesday.

Jackson Dragoons; Captain, M. Greany; R. M. Phillips, First Lieutenant, T. W. Collins, Second Lieutenant; drill in La Grande Armory every Friday.

Sons of the Emerald Isle—Meet first Wednesday of the month at Irish-American Hall. Nicholas Ennis, President; P. A. Dacey, V. P.; J. O'Brien, R. S.; P. S. Guerin, F. S.; J. Burke, C. S.; J. O'Connell, T.; Dr. Newell, corner Mission and New Montgomery, Physician.

Irish-Americans—Meet in Irish-American Hall. John Collins, President; T. McInerney, V. P.; J. O'Donnell, R. S.; M. J. McInerney, F. S.; J. Heany, C. S.; J. Grant, T.; Dr. Hutchings, 720 Post street, Physician.

Laborers' Protective and Benevolent Association—Meet first Friday of each month at Irish-American Hall. M. Sullivan, President; M. Cathahan, Secretary.

St. Joseph's Temperance, L. and B. Association—Meet every Sunday at two o'clock p. m. Daniel MacSweeney, President; M. O'Brien Secretary.

St. Mary's Temperance and Literary Society—Meet every Sunday in the basement of St. Mary's Cathedral. J. Anderson, President.

Father Matthew Temperance Society—Meet every Sunday evening in Irish-American Hall. J. Rafferty, President.

St. Joseph's Benevolent Society—Meet in basement of St Mary's Cathedral. J. B. Kelly, President; N. Winne, Secretary.

Irish Volunteers—Captain, T. Lynch; drill on Mondays.

Thomas F. Burke Circle, F. B—Centre, P. H. Lydon; Secretary, Thomas Kehoe.

A. O. H.—State Officers: M. Warde, S. D.; J. J. Donovan, S. S.

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Division No. 1.—Meet first Friday of the month at Hibernia Hall. J. M. Dwyer, President; J. Ginty, V. P.; J. B. Harrington R. S.; M. Kelly, F. S.; C. Dillon, T.

Division No. 2.—Meet first Thursday of the month at Hibernia Hall. Wm. Simpson President; J. B. Oliver, V. P., B. McDermott, R. S.; J. Reed, F. S.; M. McManomy, T.

Division No. 3.—Meet third Tuesday of the month at Charter Oak Hall. H. Gallagher, President; P. D. Ryan, V. P.; E. Herrick, F. S.; J. Gallagher, R. S; C. Farrelly, T.

Division No. 4.—Meet first and third Friday of the month at Irish-American Hall. J. Butler, President; J. H. Gilmore, V. P.; T. D. Sullivan, R. S.; T. Flanagan, F. S.; P. Kendrick, T.

Division 5.—Meet first Wednesday of the month at their Hall, Dolores Street. P. R. Hanna, President; B. Rierdon, V. P.; J. McGrath, R S.; P. Harrington, F. S.; John Kenny, T.

Division 6.—Meet second and fourth Friday of the month at Charter Oak Hall. J. J. Desmond, President; J. A. Lennon, V. P.; James P. Meagher, R. S.; E. R. Birmingham, F. S.; Thos. Donnelly, T.

Division 7.—Meet first Wednesday of the month at Riggers' and Stevedores' Hall, Pacific street. W. Higgins, President; J. W. Murphy V.P.; B. O. Mooney R. S.; J. Kelly, F.S.; J. O'Callaghan, T.

Division No. 8.—Meet at Tammany Hall. W. Gilleran, President; D. Coyne, V. P.; H. McClosky, F. S.; T. Flynn, R. S; T. Laughlin, T.

SACRAMENTO COUNTY—Division No. 1—M. V. O'Brien, C D; R. Hughes, P; P. J. Brown, V P; J. Cronin, R S; B. Lucy, F S; W. J. O'Brien, T.

Division No. 2—D. Flynn, P; J. Donovan, V P; J. Carroll, R S; R. J. Dowling, F S; M. Coffey, T.

SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY—Division No. 1, (Stockton)—J. Ward, C D; J. A. Morisey, P; J. Murry, V P; J. McCarthy, R S; P. M. Darcy, F S; J. O. Donnell, T.

SOLANO COUNTY—Division No. 1, (Vallejo)—D. Bresnahan, C D; P. Kelly, P; J. Moran, V P. T. Welch, R S; J. Kennedy, F S; J. Gosr, T.

ALAMEDA COUNTY—Division No. 1, (Oakland)—T. D. Cronin, C D; M. Fitzgerald, P.

YUBA COUNTY—Division No. 1, (Marysville)—M. J. Petit, C D; J. Byrnes, P; J. Walshe, V P; J. Donohoe, F S; M. Flynn, T.

Division No. 2, (Smartsville)—J. McQuaide, P; J. Long, V P; M. Kelly, R S; C. Slattery, F S; A. Kerrigan, T.

SANTA CLARA COUNTY—Division No. 1, (San Jose)—H. Kelly, C D; J. Johnson, V P; D. Coakley, R S; J. J. Conmy, F S; D. Noonan, T.

Division No. 2, (Santa Clara)—J. Cotter, P; P. H. Murphy, V P; J. Fitzpatrick, R S; J. Donovan, F S; T. Clarke, T.

NEVADA COUNTY—Division No. 1, (Truckee)—J. Creed, C D; M. Mahon, P; M. Guy, R S; H. Quinn, F S; M. M. Mahon, T.

Hibernia Benevolent Society of Sacramento—J. Ryan, P; J. Black, V P; R. Breen, T; J. P. Dray, R S; W. J. O'Brien, C S. Directors: J. McGuire, R. Breen, J. J. Cadogan. J. Dillon, W. D. Farrell.

Thos. F. Bourke Circle F. B.—Meet every Tuesday in Hibernia Hall.

K. R. B. No. 1.—Meet every Thursday at I. C. Hall, 715 Market street.

K. R. B. No. 2.—Meet every Tuesday at I. C. Hall.

Bourke and Luby C ub, I. C.—Meet every Monday at I. C. Hall. Frank Mahon, President; P. J. Casey, Secretary.

Thomas Davis Club, I. C.—Meet every Wednesday at I. C. Hall. T. C. Maher, President; W. Cotter, Secretary.

We have started with the above as a beginning for what we intend to make a standing Directory for all the Irish Organizations, military and civic, on this Coast. To enable us to supply omissions, and to make the Directory full and satisfactory, we respectfully call on the Secretaries of the different Irish societies of the city and the State to forward us at once the names of their officers, the time and place of meeting, the date of their organization, and whatever other information they may deem important. We will publish all matters of importance without charge.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in England to raise subscriptions for a memorial to one of the most remarkable persons known to the political world during the early part of the present century. He was one of the pioneers in the cause of Parliamentary Reform at a period when the right to vote was in few hands, and when popular agitations for political freedom were considered treason. The Democratic idea has made progress since his time. The circular advocating the memorial states that "for promoting a Reform of the Commons and a repeat of the taxes on food, he was twice arrested on charges of High Treason; he was five times taken in custody before the Privy Council; he was escorted in chains or manacles to various points of the country; he stood a trial of ten days, and conducted his own defense in a manner and with a testimony which brought credit to himself and the cause he represented; notwithstanding which the jury found him guilty, and he was again sent to prison."

[FOR THE NATIONALIST.]

ADIEU TO INNISFAIL.

BY A LADY FROM CORK.

I'm lonely to-night, as I stand on the deck,
And think of the days gone by;
Of the friends I have left; of my ivy-clad home,
And the blue mountains clustering nigh.

I'm lonely—the night sky is brilliant with stars—
A light breeze is snuffing the sea—
Each white sail is full, and the ship dashes on
That's bearing me further from thee.

I'm lonely—the moonlight is silvering the sea—
The southern cross bends on high—
There is music, and dancing, and laughter around,
But my heart seeks relief in a sigh.

Oh! bird of the white foam, when morn is dawning,
Extend thy bright pinions and soar;
Stay not till thou'st found that sweet isle far away,
Where the waves kiss the EMERALD SHORE.

Pass on, where the heather empurples the hill—
Where the sky is so brilliantly blue—
Where the stream rushes on past the velvet lawn,
And the roses are brightest in hue.

'Tis there! My sweet home! Thou'st found it at last!
Go, peep through the casement and see!
Oh, say, are they joyous—oh, say, are they sad—
Oh, say, are they speaking of me?

When night steals apace o'er the mountains' dark brow,
And the moonbeams my lone chamber steep,
Do they think of the absent one—far, far away—
Far away—far away on the deep.

Ancient Places of Pilgrimage.

"The chieftains of the ancient Irish, amidst all their feuds among themselves and their sanguinary conflicts of centuries with foreign foes, were still a religious race and imbued with a great love of literature; and their kings, princes and chiefs founded and amply endowed a vast number of ecclesiastical and literary establishments, abbeys, colleges, and great schools; as those of Armagh, Downpatrick, Bangor, Derry, Donegal, Clogher, Clones, Devenish, Fenagh, Boyle, Cong, Mayo, Conflert, Louth, Monasterboyce, Mellifont, Slane, Kells, Ardbraecan, Trim, Clonard, Clonmacnois, Rahan, Fore, Kildare, Clonenagh, Tallaght, Glendalough, Leighlin, Ferns, Lismore, Cashel, Holycross, Ross, Roscrea, Iniscathy, Arran of the Saints, and others. Of these famous seats of piety and learning among the ancient Irish, many venerable ruins still remain; but of many more, even their very ruins have disappeared, destroyed by the hand of time, or the still more destructive violence of fanaticism and war. The most celebrated places of pilgrimage in Ireland were: Louth, Derry, Armagh, Downpatrick, and Derry Columbkille in Ulster; Croagh Patrick mountain in Mayo; Arran of the Saints off the coast of Galway; the seven churches of St. Kiaran at Clonmacnois, and of St. Kevin at Glendalough; Kildare of St. Bridget, and Holycross in Tipperary. Many of the Irish kings and princes are recorded to have gone on pilgrimages to the abbey founded by their countymen, St. Columbkille at Iona, in the Hebrides."
—*Notes to Cornelian's Four Masters.*

INSANITY.—When California was acquired by the United States, insanity was entirely unknown among its people, which would seem to set at rest the question of climate influence which has been supposed by some persons to be among the causes producing this disease. Since that time, however, there have been admitted into the Asylum at Stockton 6,188 insane patients, 2,949 of which have been cured; 1,123 still remain in the Asylum; the others either having died or been returned to their friends uncured which, while the population of the State has increased only at the rate of four per cent. per annum, during the last ten years, that the insane have increased at the rate of nine per cent., or more than twice as fast in proportion. The highest point reached in any one year was 562, admitted in the Asylum in 1870. Irregular lives, reckless speculation, and over-indulgence in nitro-glycerine whisky will account for at least three-fourths of the cases of insanity.

GEORGE D. ROBERTS is making arrangements to plant on Twitchell Island this Spring 30 acres of ramie, 20 acres of jute, 10 of China grass, 10 acres of Japan hemp and 2,000 cranberry plants. It is believed that all of these products can be raised in this locality with success. Ramie and China grass are raised for the bark, the fine fibre of which is now largely used in the manufacture of silk and woolen goods. The demand for jute for the manufacture of grain sacks will become more pressing with the increase of our wheat crop. It is believed that the State can raise its own material and manufacture its own sacks instead of expending millions of money for them annually. The cranberry plants to be used in the experiment will be imported from Connecticut.

SOME idea of the commercial greatness of Antwerp, in Belgium, may be gathered from the fact that its Common Council has just voted the enormous sum of $40,000,000 for the construction of new docks and piers. If all the money wasted in useless wars could be invested in a like manner by all nations, what inestimable benefits would be conferred on the trade and commerce of the world. Antwerp wants a line of steamers to one of our Southern ports, and Baltimore desires to be that port.

"WILL you have the kindness to hand me the butter before you?" said a gentleman politely at a tea-table to an ancient maiden. "I am no waiter, sir." "Is that so? I thought from your appearance you had been waiting a long time."

CALCRAFT, the celebrated official "finisher of the law," after obliging hundreds with peculiar neckties, retires to the shades of private life with a comfortable pension.

PATRICK DESMOND, of Rochester, was on his death-bed with delirium tremens last week, but scorning in his noble soul to die so base a death, he gathered himself for a last effort, and rushing to the mill dam, went by the cold water route.

THE death is announced at Tiffin, Ohio, of a worthy and patriotic Irishman, William Sullivan. "In every moment," says the *Irish American*, "that looked towards the redemption of Ireland, or the advancement of her people, he took a leading part; and though for years an invalid, frequently rendered entirely helpless by severe and long-continued sickness, he never hesitated to exert his last remaining energies, at the call of his country's cause, or to take journies which tried the endurance of strong and active men, whenever he thought his voice or his presence might benefit the dear old isle, to every recollection of which his heart fondly clung."

The Coast of Donegal.

Come with me, gentle readers, and let us row from the ancient island of Torry to Dunfanaghy. And now we have need of haste, for the sun is fast dropping into the waves in the distant West. As we move away from the interesting spot, one will naturally look back. It is a look we will not easily forget, this Torry, with its tower-bound coast, reposing in majesty on its ocean-bed, illuminated by the golden glories of the sunset. But, as we are leaving Torry, we shall turn our eyes towards the mainland. And here a glowing vision greets you. You have before you the features and lines of a range of maritime Alps. There is Muckish, the highest mountain in this Alpine region, and Erigle next in height, and Bloody Foreland, all three forming a grand semi-circle chain in the foreground. There are towards the foot of the picture, the green fields, and little houses, and the stripe of sand-bank, and the expanse of sea, undulating with gentle regularity, like the bosom of a sleeping child. Then, there are the vapors just beginning to wave their transparent web; and there is the full flood of even-tide undulating all, pervading, turning the sands and the houses into gold, breaking the vapors into white and purple. O, the coloring! the warmth, the depth, the richness, the variety of those wondrous coasts! There are the elements of the picture; let him draw it who can. "Here we are at Horn Head," says my neighbor, awaking me from my delicious reverie. Horn Head is a bold head-land thrown out by nature, as an enormous break-water against the waves of the Atlantic. It is a point of attraction for the tourist, who leaves the beaten track to visit the too-little known wilds of Donegal. Next the sea it ends abruptly in a line of precipices, peopled by myriads of sea-fowls. But the Horn, as it is familiarly called in the neighborhood, is more remarkable for a natural curiosity, known as "MacSwine's Gun." This consists of a hole, or tube, in one of the precipices, running perpendicularly from the top right down to the tide level, and, communicating below with a hollow in the rock, into which the water flows. In great storms the waves dash into the reservoir with extreme violence, and the water thus pressed into the tube, forces its way upwards with a noise like that accompanying the discharge of a large piece of ordnance. Hence the name "MacSwine's Gun," the MacSwine family having been for many ages lords of the district. When we passed under these cliffs in the morning, on our way to Torry, we were surrounded by a multitude of sea-birds, mostly white, which thickened the air like a sun-shower, and distracted us by their wild screams. Now there is a change. The birds are nested, leaving the coast to silence and the darkening shadows of evening. The face of this stupendous wall is rugged, and uneven. Here you see an immense rock standing out by itself, there a multitude of rocks thrown out together in a fantastic group; scattered up and down are patches of grass, and running in every direction in long dark lines, are the fisheries all presenting to you, if you are in an imaginative vein, a variety of figures of the most grotesque forms and combinations,—"horses, dogs and men, and the battlements of cities." The water-line is everything but straight. After a zig-zag course for some distance, it makes a sweep, and runs out, terminating in a huge border of rock, making you believe that here the precipice comes to an end. But when you turn the point, a new vision stretches away before you, to strike you again with the awful majesty of the beetling cliff, and to amuse you with the ever-varying phantasmagoria. "Do yo see that cave up there?" said my friend, pointing to a dark-looking spot among the precipices; "is it not strange that any human being could be got to live up there for many months of the year." "Just the abode," thought I, "which legend would select for a hero." But, he assured me that he had not alluded to any creation of poetry or superstition, but to an actual living character. I had too much respect for my friend to question his truthfulness, and he spoke too seriously for a joke. Yet he must have read secpticism in my face, for he proceeded to state the particulars of how he became acquainted with the man. Others on board were engaged in the same topic. Many eyes were directed towards the cave. Suddenly the flash of a rifle gleamed from its mouth, and the report rattled through the rocks, while a compact little cloud of smoke quietly went up, melting into air. What an army of doubts that salute shot away! I put many questions touching this man. His name is Brennan. He is in the prime of life; his nature is genial. The Horn is a salmon station; but the fishery is infested by seals, which abound in this quarter, and Brennan is here during the season to do battle against this enemy of the salmon species. He is taken round in a boat from Dunfanaghy, and put out on the rocks; he climbs to his nest. The boat visits him hebdomedally, leaving him stores for the week. But when the weather is stormy no boat can touch the coast, and there this brave fellow is left to depend on what is conveyed to him by a rope let down from above, a process which is very precarious, because from the rugged nature, as well as the immense height of the cliffs, there are a thousand chances to one against the rope falling in the direction of the cave. This affair of Brennan was not without a moral and a lesson for us. Passing much of the day trampling over the ruins of human labor, we could not be but struck with the nothingness of the works of man. Now, in the evening coming into the awful presence of a bold barrier, which says to the ocean, "thus far and no farther," we meet a man who mounts his solitary guard, in the stronghold of the eagle, and from his eyrie is able to maintain, single-handed, his dominion over the fishes of the sea, and shoot out defiance over the raging elements.—*Hibernian Magazine.*

AT Manchester, England, in the Lancashire Railway Company's carriage works, fifty locomotives and one hundred and fifty passenger cars were burned on last Sunday night. Loss $1,000,000.

JAYNES & Co., extensive coopers, of St. Louis, set fifty Chinamen to work in their establishment on the 28th instant, at which great indignation has been aroused among the white coopers of that city.

A MEMPHIS Grand Jury has indicted all but four of the county judges for their legal smartness in drawing 150 per cent. more than their legal compensation.

THE wife of a colored preacher of Hempstead, Long Island, named William Corse, has been arrested, charged with the murder of her three infant children as they were successively born.

A PRIVATEER in the service of the Cuban insurgents is down in the West Indian waters. What may be her career, and what the fate of those abroad if captured by a Spanish man-of-war remain to be seen.

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THE NATIONALIST

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 10, 1873.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom?"

JOHN MITCHELL, Oct. 25th, 1853.

OUR PAPER.

Wanted, Immediately,

The Friends of Ireland, and the Friends of Universal Freedom, to subscribe for

THE NATIONALIST,

The antagonist of everything Sectarian or Sectional, the Denouncer of Humbug and Fraud, the Foe to Monarchy and Tyranny, the Friend of Republicanism and Free Institutions, the Champion of IRISH RIGHTS and the Rights of Humanity.

To make this Journal what it can become—a credit to the people for whom it is written—EXTENSIVE PATRONAGE is needed. Therefore, send in your Subscriptions and Advertisements at once, and make your friends do likewise to No. 5 Post street.

Answers to Correspondents.

"LAZY CONTRIBUTOR":—Your voluminous essay on Frauds is set up; but through pressure on our space—due principally to new advertisements—we are obliged to hold it over till next week. For the same reason our editorial matter is contracted.

HISTORIC SCISSORS:—Next week the continuation of Hugh Roe O'Donnell; the other matter also, if possible.

JOHN FOLEY:—The interesting papers you so kindly contribute, on Irish literature and Irish names, are crowded out. Next week.

COL. J. BURKE, Omaha:—The $20 received. Thanks for your exertions. Papers for the second club have been forwarded. The length of the letter sent by D. U. L. obliges us to hold it over, but it will be at all times interesting.

"MODOC," San Rafael:—We were not aware that there are any lava beds between the railroad track and the picnic grounds, nor that half of the Legion of St. Patrick is after Captain Jack. The curly scalp of auburn hair, now on exhibition at the Mahon House, which was found after the heavy skirmishing of the Legion on Sunday week, may possibly belong to one of them, though none of them will acknowledge it. We are quite of your opinion that there are few hotels in the State more delightfully situated or giving greater satisfaction to its guests than the Mahon House.

F. M.:—The most effective way for individuals to discourage the immigration of Chinese is to give them no chance of earning a dime through any action of the friends of white labor.

L. S. P.:—The *American Gael* will be the finest Irish paper in the world. Its principles are those of the NATIONALIST.

DOINGS IN DUBLIN.

The last mail from Ireland brings us some intelligence, on which we propose to comment briefly. The chief shipping business of Dublin consists in the exportation to England of Irish sheep, hogs, cattle and agricultural produce; for John Bull must be fed and the landlords be supplied with millions to spend abroad. In spite of foreign rule the port of Dublin has made considerable progress. The Liffey has been deepened and, wonderful to relate, a dock begun in the last century has just now been completed. What the Irish metropolis might be if Ireland were independent is a question we will not discuss at present. To facilitate the feeding of John Bull the railway lines have been pushed to the water's edge, and among those lines is that of the Great Midland Company. Their road from Galway was built by Irish enterprise and capital exclusively, and, under Irish management and support alone, it has done and is doing a prosperous business. But for English jealousy and greed, its business, however, would be ten-fold greater. That jealousy and greed killed the Galway Trans-Atlantic project by which Galway would have taken its natural position as the grand emporium in Western Europe of American commerce, a position it is destined to assume as soon as England loses its dominion in Ireland. The new dock spoken of above was constructed at the expense of the capitalists of the Midland Company, as above stated, to facilitate the feeding of John Bull. When this enterprise had been carried to a successful termination by Irish capital and Irish hands, the flunky loyalists seized on the opportunity to exhibit their debasement, and crawl in the dust. The Lord Lieutenant graciously condescended to sail into the dock, declare it open, and baptize it after himself. Thus Dublin has now a great Spencer dock. To encourage Irish enterprise, the English Earl made a Knight of Mr. Cusack, and thus farce and tragedy are intermingled on the Irish stage. With the wail of famine rising up from the western islands, with misery stalking through a hundred districts which a terribly severe winter has afflicted, and with the finest of the people rushing from the landlord-ridden country as from a house on fire, the flunkeys and the vultures sit down to their banquets, and thank God for Ireland's increasing prosperity. The base creatures who thus kneel at England's footstool are now well understood by the people at large, but the time for putting them in their proper places, outside Ireland, has not yet arrived.

The Home Rulers are doing their utmost to get up a revival of the peace agitation and parliamentary humbug; but though there is a good deal of fuss and fury, it amounts to very little. The people have no confidence in spouters or *soi-distant* leaders, and no hope that tenant leagues and constitutional tactics will ever redress their wrongs. There are some men who, while despising the Home Rule Movement as wrong in principle, and ineffective in practice, yet make some use of it as a convenient cover under which they prepare to make the real attack. While opposed to advising their countrymen to make sacrifices for the purpose of returning a set of "patriots" to the British parliament where they have to swear fealty to the foreign throne, these men think some good for Ireland may be extracted from a public organization which keeps the Irish question before the world, and tends to promote harmony and fraternal feeling among the different classes and creeds of Irishmen.

The Revolutionists look to little more than their own stout hearts, the chance of a fair field to fight on, the help of their exiled brothers, and the heaven-sent opportunity of England's next big difficulty. They have learned prudence from a sad experience, and in view of the apathy exhibited towards the cause by the great bulk of Irish-Americans, are working towards the achievement of Irish liberty, as if we had all taken a voyage to the moon. The clouds which for a time obscured the character and influence of James Stephens have almost wholly disappeared, and if he returned to Dublin tomorrow to continue and complete the grand work of his life, he would be received as enthusiastically as when Dan Byrne let him out of Richmond prison.

Respecting the Home organization, we will say as much next week as we think it expedient for British spies to discover.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

In the "good old times" which we hope will never return, the man who was unfortunate enough to be born without a silver spoon in his mouth grew up and died without ever having any rights which the silver spoon follows were bound to respect. Kings, titled scoundrels, usurers, and capitalists had everything their own way. The men of toil should toil on, without even seeking for any amelioration of the hard lot which, they were told, heaven had assigned them. But by and by, the light dawned on the working classes that heaven had very little to do with making or keeping them miserable. The theory began to be questioned that, because a man's hands were hardened by honest labor, his brain must be sluggish and muddy. The petty jealousies that kept apart different crafts of the sons of toil disappeared, though but slowly; and as increased facilities for education were afforded to the masses, they began to agitate the question of their rights, and take measures to recover them. The guilds and corporations, the chartered privileges and establishment of free towns during the middle ages, were steps in this direction. The Trades' unions of England and the United States were other steps. The formation now of Farmers' Granges is another addition, which the pressing needs of the time have called for. There may be some minor evils inseparably connected with the working of Trades Unions and Labor associations generally; but the evils which they combat are so enormous and oppressive, that the defects may be overworked. Capitalists combine, and why not workmen? According as the true interests of labor and capital are understood to be really the same, the collisions between them shall become fewer. The exactions of the employer and the strikes of the employed shall, with increased experience and intelligence, be less heard of.

Organization of one kind or other is the great motive power which moves the world today. The crowned despots of earth organize to continue their plunder. Unless honest men organize also, they are as children in the hands of a giant. Selfishness is one of the potent guiding principles of poor human nature; hence when bad men conspire to work evil, good men must unite for self-preservation. They can organize, too, for a nobler object,—doing good to their fellows. What individual effort is powerless to effect, may be accomplished without difficulty by the union of numbers. If all the men on earth who are ready to risk life and limb in a struggle for Irish freedom were banded together in a compact organization, England's title to our Island would not be worth a month's purchase.

Coming nearer home, if there were any practical talent among us in San Francisco, we would have an Irish Labor League established to aid every deserving Irishmen in procuring employment. In carrying out such a project, there need not be the slightest unfriendliness on our part towards other citizens of a different nationality. In helping our friends, we need not quarrel with strangers. As things are at present a countrymen of ours may walk the streets for weeks without getting work to do, simply because he does not know the place where he may be wanted. This defect should be remidied. Let us take a lesson from the Germans, and exhibit a greater readiness and a more practical way of helping one another. This is a subject to be taken up again, but we will not close now without asking our readers to take into consideration the able letter, printed in another column, of our patriotic friend "Oregon Pine."

The Montgomery Guard will hold their annual Excursion and Pic-nic on Sunday the 18th inst. It is certain to be a grand success, as it deserves indeed to be. The Montgomerys are the oldest Irish company on this coast, and their well-earned popularity has increased with their years. A splendid time may be expected.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Among all except the base and greedy, the unscrupulous politicians and the heartless corporations, the presence among us of a vile herd of semi-civilized Mongolians is regarded as an unmitigated evil. Even the advocates of cheap labor, as a means of rapidly developing the resources of this State, are reluctantly forced to acknowledge that the advantages expected from this heathen inundation have not been realized. The parties most affected by it—the white men whose toil and brain built up whatever there is of greatness in the country—know the ruin which this system of coolie labor is rapidly working in our midst. Ten thousand reasons, some of which may be found in our columns, might be assigned why this inroad of destructive agents should be promptly met and resisted. To save our youth from contamination, and prevent the bread from being snatched from the mouths of Americans, is a duty the performance of which cannot be much longer postponed. The characteristic feature of the almond-eyed invaders is an imitativeness compared with which that of baboons is as nothing. They have ferretted themselves into a knowledge of a hundred paying handicrafts, and threaten to monopolize them to such a degree that, if the game is played much longer, nothing will be left for the whiteman but that kind of hard labor to which his superior strength alone is equal.

The States of Texas and Louisiana have given the Chinese a trial, but conclude that it would be pernicious to their best and dearest interests to have more to do with them. The Pacific railroads have been mainly built by coolies, and the bridge over the Missouri river at Omaha is in part their work also. They have invaded the shoe factories of Massachusetts, and thus brought home to eastern doors the grievances which Californians so long complained of without sympathy. This week they have raised commotion in St. Louis by displacing a large number of white tradesmen. Their laundries and brothers extend from San Diego to the gulches of Montana, and their goodlessness and thieving are familiar as Indian horse-stealing, from the Rocky Mountains to the Golden Gate. We have now nearly as many Chinese as Irishmen in San Francisco; and it is one of Job's consolations that Ireland has now only five millions left together, while China can send us two hundred millions more, and have afterwards enough for its own Flowery Kingdom. The danger, therefore, which is already enormous, may become overwhelming. The existence of the Chinese evil is widely acknowledged, and we have a good deal to say, respecting it; but the question for us just now is not so much about the evil itself, as about the means of freeing us of it.

Now, we have had before this day, anti-coolie agitations, and it is somewhat suspicious that these movements began and ended in election times. The adoption of frothy resolutions and projects never intended to lead to anything practical, will not do to fool us any longer. The trading politicians think they can make capital of their pretended antagonism to Chinese immigration; but the people look for some kind of effective action. Now, that the Fall elections are coming on, both political parties have found it convenient to take up the question and air it thoroughly. We hope they will not be allowed to drop it when the elections are over. A great many who refuse to swear by either party have organized an association with headquarters in Sacramento, and it proposes to fight the coolie system with as much vigor and persistence as the old abolition party fought negro slavery. Pamphlets, circulars, lectures, meetings, and similar machinery will be brought into requisition till all over the United States the ways of the "Haythin Chinee" become "familiar as household words." In furtherance of this object, the Rev. Mr. Starr, of Rockland, Sacramento county, has undertaken to preach a crusade against the ruin which the Mongolians would bring upon us. He is a gentleman of varied learning, and twenty years' political experience in California, and we therefore look forward to his lecture at Union Hall, next Wednesday, with the expectation of having a flood of light thrown upon the subject. We intend to watch the dodging of the politicians and post our readers on their doings. We want something which will lead to some practical result. A correspondent's letter in another column will repay perusal.

The Chinese.

Who effectually repel the necessary, educated European immigrant? The Chinese.

Who ignore and insult the lawful authorities of the State by the erection of and obedience to secret tribunals of their own? The Chinese.

Who have built a filthy nest of iniquity and rottenness in our midst? The Chinese.

Who fill our work shops to the exclusion of white labor? The Chinese.

Who drive away white labor by their stealthy but successful competition? The Chinese.

Who keep a constant drain on the gold market by exporting their earnings to their own country, to the advancement of that and the stagnation, if not ruination, of this? The Chinese.

Who import not only their clothes and necessaries, but deadly epidemics as well? The Chinese.

Who are gradually gaining a monopoly of the trade in tea and tobacco? The Chinese.

Who, in their cruelty to their aged and sick—this before our very eyes—rival the Tartars? The Chinese.

Whose slant-eyed, apeish face is daily assuming a bolder and more impudent air? The Chinese.—*Chronicle.*

Will be Issued

....ON....

Tuesday, May 20th, 1873

....THE....

FIRST NUMBER

....OF....

THE AMERICAN GAEL,

A New Irish National Journal, the Largest and Handsomest Irish Paper ever published in this or any other country. Five cents a copy. Two dollars and a half a year.

JOHN O'MAHONY, - - EDITOR.

THE IRISH NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.,

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BETWEEN THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH,

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ILLER & CO'S.,

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THIS CHARMING AND PLEASANT Summer Resort for Families is now open and ready to receive visitors. Elegantly furnished.

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Hotels, Restaurants and Families supplied on reasonable terms. Shipping supplied at short notice. Corned and Salt Beef, by the barrel, warranted. Marketing delivered to all parts of the city free of charge. my10-tf

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TRANOR & KNOX,

Commission Stock Brokers,

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Hayes Valley Market.

135 Hayes street, one door from Van Ness Avenue, SAN FRANCISCO.

Dealer in all kinds of American Meats, Beef, Veal, Mutton, Lamb, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Tongues, Sausages, Lard, and all kinds of Smoked Meats, Etc.

Restaurants, Boarding Houses and Shipping Orders promptly attended to, and delivered free of charge, at the Lowest Market Prices. my10-tf

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...AND DEALERS IN...

HAY AND GRAIN.

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CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

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Last Week of the Engagement of

MRS. D. P. BOWERS,

....WHO WILL APPEAR....

SATURDAY EVENING.....MAY 10th,

In her Great Character of

ELIZABETH.

SATURDAY MATINEE,

East Lynne.

ADMISSION TO THE MATINEE.....FIFTY CENTS

CITY GARDENS.

ON SATURDAY MAY 10th, AT 11 O'CLOCK

THE GREAT ÆRIAL SHIP

Will be Inflated and Make An Ascension,

Carrying ten well known citizens.

WONDERFUL ATTRACTIONS!

Ballet! Pantomime! Gymnastic! and Acrobatic Exercises!

Engagement of the Celebrated French Dancers

M'LLE THERESE AND MR. SCHMIDT,

....WHO WILL APPEAR IN....

Grand Ballet Pantomime, in conjunction with

PROFESSOR SAMUELS,

On SATURDAY AFTERNOON immediately after the Ascencion of the ÆRIAL SHIP.

On Sunday Afternoon and Evening the same performance will be repeated. my10-1t

THE

IGNATIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

.....WILL GIVE ITS.....

First Annual Picnic.

.....ON.....

THURSDAY, MAY 15th, 1873.

The beautiful grounds of Belmont have been selected as the place for the excursion. It is the design of the Committee to make this picnic as select as possible, and the following rules have been adopted:

First—Only one thousand tickets will be issued. After these are sold, the books shall be closed; early application, therefore, is necessary.

Second—No one shall be authorized to sell tickets, except the President of the Society and the Committee of Arrangements, which consists of Charles A. Dunn, J. F. Sullivan, Alexander Campbell, Jr., John F. O'Day and James H. Clark.

Third—All tickets must be procured prior to the morning of the picnic, as upon that occasion no tickets will be sold at the depot.

The price of tickets for the round trip has been fixed at One Dollar. No half tickets will be issued, and children will be charged the full price.

The office of the President of this Society is at St. Ignatius' College. Parties wishing to purchase tickets may apply there, or to the Committee of Arrangements. The special train will leave the railroad depot, on Market street, at 9 A. M.

A band of music will accompany the Picnic. my10-1d

Captain Badger's

GRAND CENTRAL PARK

OAKLAND.

Forty minutes ride by Boat and Cars from San Francisco.

The Accommodations for Amusement cannot be excelled.

The Largest Skating Pavilion and Ball Room on the Pacific Coast. A Beautiful Lake supplied with all kinds of Pleasure Boats for Visitors.

THE GYMNASIUM

Is fitted up with all kinds of apparatus for those fond of Gymnastic Exercises.

Target Ground and Shooting Gallery

These beautiful grounds, sheltered from the winds which prevail on the other side of the Bay, nestling in verdure and affording a glorious view of the "Garden County of Alameda," offer unexceptionable attractions for

PICNICS,

As arrangements can be made with the Boat and Railroad Company for very low rates.

Address personally, or by letter,

CAPTAIN BADGER,

At his office, at Keene's Music Store, Northeast corner of Kearny and Bush streets, or personally at Grand Central Park, Oakland. my10-1f

Jacob Strahle &Co.,

....SOLE AGENTS FOR....

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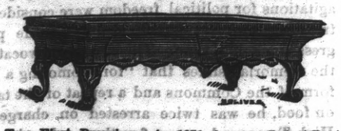

Two First Premiums in 1871 for our Latest Design "GRECIAN CURVE" Table, with Four Legs, for Beauty, Style and Durability.

Billiard, Jenny Lind and Pigeon Hole Tables, Keno Sets, Dice, Dominoes, Ten Pins and Balls, Cue Leathers, Chalk, Etc., Etc.

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Always on hand, a full stock of Billiard Goods. The Largest House on the Pacific Coast. The Lowest Prices. my10-tf

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 10, 1873.

CITY NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The epizooty is proving a blessing to the horses that escape the disease. The whip is very sparingly used, and the furious driving of a month ago has become a thing of the past. Ox teams are numerous on the streets, though shoeing the horned brutes has been unfortunately the cause of some swearing in blacksmiths' shops. Few horses have died, some are growing fat on the calamity, and almost all are recovering. Some speculative scientists want to introduce steam cars on the street railroads, but it is not likely that there will be any necessity for them. Mules have been brought into requisition. These animals have some very decided opinions about halting when they please; and when they stand on their mulishness, a stranger to their peculiar habits might imagine them afflicted with a terrible attack of the malady prevailing. A member of the Humane Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals drew near a pair thus circumstanced, and it took him some time to understand what was the matter. He found his ribs a poor defence against the heels of the mules, and is inclined to limit his future care to other animals.

An Old Gold Digger.—A few days ago a man dressed in plain, but neat clothes, presented himself at the office of the Cashier of the United States Branch Mint, and said he would like to make a draft on the institution.

"Does the Mint owe you anything?" asked the Cashier.

"A small sum. I believe I have on deposit somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred and sixty ounces of gold dust.

"I don't remember having received any such sum recently."

"No; I reckon not, for you see, I don't think you were here when I made the deposit," and the stranger produced from his pocket-book a brown, age-begrimmed looking piece of paper, which he handed to the gentlemanly Cashier.

The latter took the paper and read, "Received of—— in 1854, one hundred and sixty ounces of gold dust, etc., etc., and then exclaimed, "Why, this has been here for nineteen years!"

"I guess it's about that time. You see, I came down from the mines in 1854, bringing with me some dust. A little dab I deposited here, while a great deal more was gambled and fooled away—drinking and sich. Then I really don't remember much more about what happened until I found myself at sea, in the forecastle of a ship. I was told that I had shipped as a sailor, and maybe I did; at any rate there was no help for it, and I did my duty as well as I knew how until I was discharged in Australia, when I went off to the mines in that country and have been trying my luck in almost every quarter of the globe. But times have changed a great deal from the flush days of early California. An examination of the books revealed the fact that the amount had been deposited and never called for, but always kept in readiness for the depositor. The man was informed that the Government did not pay interest on deposits, but was always ready to pay the principal. A few moments more and the equivalent of the dust deposited nineteen years before was handed across the counter, and gathered up by the visitor.

In describing the consecration of Dr. Corrigan as Bishop of New Jersey, in Newark last Sunday, the *Chronicle*, after saying that the streets leading to the cathedral were thronged, and the interior of the sacred edifice beautifully illuminated and rendered radiant with lights and flowers, adds that around the altar were ranged a number of distinguished prelates and a hundred priests, "all clad in *Episcopal* robes. "The statement about Episcopal robes donned by priests who are not Bishops shows the inaccuracy of the random writing which deals with matter not clearly understood by the writer.

The Modoc war has had various small results in this city. For one thing it has set some of the militia men calculating the probabilities of being ordered to the front, and losing their scalps; and it has given a few rhymsters who are not militia men a plausible excuse for inflicting their doggerel on a patient race of newspaper readers. A friend of Major Jack Stratman living in Yreka thought of directing public attention to the campaign in a way of his own. He succeeded in purchasing the scalp of Scar-faced Charley, and forwarded it to Major Jack's Headquarters (Montgomery and Market streets), where hundreds inspect it daily. The scalping of savage Indians by savage whites, and the howl for extermination sent up by a thousand ink slingers suggest some reflections that are not pleasant.

The following were elected officers of the Irish American Benevolent Society: President, William O'Connell; Vice President, Michael O'Farrell; Treasurer, Charles Kane, Recording Secretary, James O'Donnell; Financial Secretary, M. J. McInerny; Corresponding Secretary; Patrich Ballinger: Board of Trustees, John McNulty, Levi F. Cole, Thomas Kendrick, Michael Corcoran, George W. Loftus, Patrick Boyle, J. H. Allen, Charles O'Neil, Timothy Lynch, John Heany. J. J. Conlin, James T. Brady, and T. H. Gallagher; Janitor, W. J. Byrne. The Irish Americans appear to have made an admirable selection of officers. Their pic-nic last Sunday at Schutzen Park, Alameda, was a brilliant affair. Fully five thousand persons were congregated there thoroughly enjoying themselves. It is highly creditable to all concerned that no accident or brawl of any kind occurred to mar the day's festivities.

By a resolution of the Society of California Pioneers, Mr. Grayson's remains have been brought to this city, and as soon as the necessary arrangements are completed they will completed they will be interred with all due honors by the Society.

The business of the different ferry companies connected with San Francisco is rapidly increasing. Saucelito and San Rafael routes are daily winning additional patronage. The traffic on the Oakland and Alameda lines has become so important that the two companies have consolidated, and will run half-hourly during the business portion of the day. It is estimated that 10,000 persons at least, crossed the Bay Sunday last.

A smart young man, or rather one who considered himself smart, gave the name Henry Ward Beecher at Ogden to the railroad official to telegraph to San Francisco. He was met by a crowd of hero-worshippers at the terminus, but instead of the lion they only found a donkey by the name of Hopkins.

A sarcastic friend of the Nationalist writes that in San Francisco he found money reverenced as the Prophet but that when he went to Nevada, he found it elevated above the prophet and adored as Allah.

The reputation of John J. Audubon, the most distinguished of American ornithologists, and the wonderful work he performed in his indefatigable research among the feathery tribes of our continent, are world wide and require no notice at this moment. Mention is made of his great fame to introduce the name of his successor, Andrew Jackson Grayson, whose history is interwoven with the early times of this city and State. He, like his leader, first saw the light in the swamps of Louisiana, and from his youth his great delight and pleasure was to follow the birds with the eye of a naturalist. He never destroyed them, save with a view to science and to advance the knowledge of their species. He made the journey overland to this State in 1846, arrived here with his young wife in the Fall of year. He engaged in mercantile pursuits, being a member of the firm of Grayson Guilder & Lightner, on Sansome street. Being disappointed in this, he renounced the business and adopted the life of a trapper, for the purpose of following his favorite pursuit, the study of ornithology. He devoted several years of research among the birds of this Coast. Like his great predecessor in this branch of natural science, Aububon, he put upon paper life-like sketches of the birds he obtained, and his specimens even went to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, where they were received with high encominums. Following his researches, he and his wife went to Tehuantepec in 1857. He was shipwrecked on that unfriendly coast, and after many vicissitudes went to the city of Mexico, where he was eventuaHy enabled to preserve a large number of illustrations, which, as has been frequently said by many who have seen them, fairly entitled Grayson to the title of "Aububon of the Pacific." He died in Mazatlan, Mexico, 1869.

Thisleton's Jolly Giant, a paper worth reading twice, thus discourses of "how John Chinaman goes for property in Frisco—may his tail grow shorter. He has been ousted out of shoe shops—he has started shoe shops of his own. He has been put out of cigar factories — he starts cigar factories for himself. He underlives us, he undersells us. He steals from us, and he will eventually drive us from our land and start a Celestial Kingdom here on his own account. J. G. thinks there is only one chance left here for us, and one chance only. That is to pass a law that no Chinaman or Chinawoman can leave the ship, on arriving in this country, till he submits to a barber or a tailor, with large shears, who is to be appointed by our next Legislature, with the perquisites of China *tails* for his payment of office, and each Chinaman and Chinawoman to have their tails cut off close to their scalp before they are allowed to land on our *barbarian* shore. This will stop their coming on the coast, and save us from a Celestial Kingdom. A Chinaman named Sing Mann invested $12,500 in the purchase of property on Commercial street, above Kearny, a few days ago."

We are indebted to Captain P. H. Lydon of the Modoc notoriety for the present of a choice lot of Virginia weed. As we are not smokers, we propose to sell a dozen pounds of it to the next best customer.

Our city papers have such a talent for fitting theories to their facts, and facts to their theories, that it is difficult for an outsider to get a clear glimpse into the real state of affairs where any office is concerned to which honor or profit is attached. We have had endless investigations into all manner of alleged abuses, and the more any subject is discussed, the more obscure is it rendered. The charges and counter charges between the Almshouse superintendent and others have led to no practical result. The *Post* thinks Mr. Keating immaculate, and the *Chronicle* thinks the reverse. Not knowing the circumstances fully, we offer no opinion. The *Chronicle* of Wednesday arks a question which should be answered:—"Does Mr. Keating pay his bills for wine, cigars and tropical fruits out of his salary, or are these bills paid for and charged as meat and vegetables, and thus abstracted from the diet of the paupers?"

A jolly son of Mars who signs himself a "Hero" asks permission of the *Chronicle* to inform everybody that though the militia company's of San Francisco indulge in showy uniforms, and parade the lava beds of San Francisco, they "were not organized to exterminate the Modocs. They were gotten up for far more useful purposes. I know that the company of which I am a proud member would willingly shoot down every Chinaman in, around or about the city if the public would first disarm the Chinamen. The other companies would do the same. We are all Brave men." Now, how are we to find out whether this "hero" is friendly or inimical to the Chinese?

In reference to the mnnicipal rugulation respecting the carrying of baskets and bamboo poles on the sidewalks, the *Post* says that the Chinamen is beginning to feel quite at home and pays about the same respect to its ordinance as a plaza hackman.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company gets a million dollars of annual subsidy, which enables it to employ a large number of Chinese, and bring thousand after thousand of the barbarous hords to San Francisco. It has been suggested that when the Company grows honest it will hoist the Chinese flag at the mast head of each of their steamships.

The Oaklanders are demonstrating their prejudice against Chinese immigration in a forcible manner—viz: demolition of the Celestial washouse, with brickbat accompaniment.

MARKET REPORT.

FLOUR—The demand is very quiet. Extra is selling all the way from $5 25 to $6, according to brand. A year ago, best brands were quoted at $6@$6 37½.

WHEAT—The price for choice a year ago was $1 95 to $2 05. Holders are asking nearly the same rates now. As yet we have heard of no sales above $1 95 ₱ 100 lbs. Sales of 6,000 sks cost, $1 85; 600 sks bay, $1 92½; 500 sks do, $1 94.

BARLEY—Feed is now difficult to obtain under $1 20, while the best brewing is held at $1 40@$1 50 ₱ 100 lbs Sale of 400 sks feed, $1 23½.

OATS—Small sales are being made at $2 10@$2 30. The monthly consumption does not probably exceed 15,000 centals, though lower prices would expand it.

HAY—Under light receipts the market is firm at $14@$22 ₱ ton.

FEED—Bran is firm at $25 and Middlings at $27 50 ₱ ton.

POTATOES—Humboldt, $1 05@$1 15 from warehouse and wharf; Bodega and Petalnma, 70@90c; new Mission, $2@$2 50 ₱ 100 lbs.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—Fresh roll Butter, 22½@30c; Cheese, 12@14c; inferior do, 8@10c ₱ lb; Eggs, 20@22½c for Eastern and Oregon and 25@27c ₱ dozen for California.

WOOL—There is some inquiry for burry at 12@15c; good to choice shipping grades, 17@20c; fine Cotswold crosses, 21@22c ₱ lb.

MARRIAGES.

O'CONNELL—BARRETT—In this city, May 4, Richard O'Connell to Sebina Barrett.

CALLAGHAN—FARRELL—In this city, May 4, Daniel Callaghan to Eliza A. Farrell.

DEATHS.

SHANLEY—In this city, May 7, Mary E. Shanley, aged 1 year and 8 months.

DORAN—In this city, May 7, Edward, son of James and Mary Doran, aged 2 years, 5 months and 24 days.

KINNY—In this city, May 7, Catherine, wife of Patrick Kinny, a native of Bangor, Me., 30 years.

April 8, at No. 27 Monck's place, Dublin, Mrs. Tully daughter of the late George Burns. Esq., Mayfields Belfast, and grand-daughter of the late Joseph Cairns, Esq., Draigduff, County Down.

April 7, after a few days illness, at the residence of his son-in-law, 52 New-street, Dublin, Patrick O'Reilly, of Ballyknocken, co. Wicklow, in his 84th year.

April 7, at her residence, Gortmore terrace, Omagh, Mrs. O'Kane, aged 70 years, mother of the Rev. Dean O'Kane, Maynooth College.

April 8, after a painful illness, at Raheny House, Anne Lawless, the faithful and trustworthy housekeeper, for many years, of Mr. and Mrs. Sweetman.

THE NATIONALIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.

On Wednesday evening last, in Irish-American Hall, a large and influential meeting of the shareholders of this company took place. The proceedings were characterized by a spirit of harmony and energetic action which argues well for the future of the Nationalist. A permanent organization for the ensuing year was effected. The constitution and by-laws of the company were read and unanimously adopted. The financial report showed a degree of progress and prosperity which was most gratifying to all. Mr. Miles, in tendering his resignation as provisional president, urged on all friends of liberal ideas the need of continued energy, which would soon put the Nationalist on a basis of which they would have reason to be proud. Capt. Flannagan delivered a spirited address, taking the ground that every advocate of the spread of free institutions to Ireland and other countries should take a personal interest in the welfare of the Nationalist, and use his best extions to extend its circulation and influence. The provisional directory having resigned, promising to continue their work for the common cause, an election followed, which gives the Company the followed-named gentlemen as Directors:—M. Myles, D. Sweeny, M. F. Cummings, P. Holland, F. F. Bryan, Supervisor Barrett, J. A. Hicks, M. A. Clarke and Daniel Harney.

A vote of thanks being passed to the retiring officers, the meeting adjourned, fully satisfied that a good evening's work had been performed.

There will be a meeting of the Board of Directors on Wednesday evening next, at 7:30 P. M., at the office of the Nationalist. A full attendance is expected, as business of importance will be transacted.

IRISH NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

The Knights of the Red Branch propose to make their grand celebration in the City Gardens on Sunday week the most unique and elaborate affair of the season. Thousands from places round the Bay are expected. Athletic games, a grand baloon ascent, a string and brass band, acrobats, gymnasts and Irish wizards, a host of eminent artists for the grand theatrical performance, competitive dull between the various Irish companions, the aerial ship "Avitor" inbated and on exhibition, and a grand Irish national salute of 32 guns, one for each Irish county, from defence, are among the attractions promised. Prizes for the ladies in the afternoon, and at twilight a magnificent display of fireworks representing the blowing up of King William's artillery train by Sarsfield at the foot of the Sliav Bloom mountains.

The Mac Mahons.—The annual excursion and pic nic of this splendid military company took place on Thursday last at Badger Park, a delightfully picturesque retreat in Brooklyn, Alameda County. The friends of the Mac Mahons wese present in large numbers, and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Their system of issuing invitations to select parties only, is one worthy of imitation. The boats on the lake connected with the Park, the ample accommodation afforded by the artistically arranged pavilion and skating rink, the pretty configuration of the trees, shrubs and flower parterres, made the scene when enlivened by music and the movements of the joyous throng, one of peculiar attraction. After a day spent in such a manner as to satisfy all, they returned to the city, without having had the slightest accident to mar the festivities. We noticed only one oversight in completing the arrangements. There was no flag flying over the pavilion but that of France. The Irish flag was conspicuos by its absence, but we believe that this mistake did not occur intentionally.

California Theatre.

The genius and talent nightly on the board in the Theatre attract full houses, and the well-earned popularity of John McCullough increases. Mrs. D. P. Bowers as Mary Queen of Scots was the great attraction this week. McCullough as Douglas the true friend, was natural. In playing that part he was quite at home. The friend of Mary, Catharine Seyton, represented by Miss Minnie Walton was a decided success. This young lady as the humble friend of a Queen presents us with unquestionable evidence of superior talent. The audience as critics, appear to be improving. Their applause every night this week was well timed. Babies are a nuisance when they are crying in a theater; on Thursday night, one of them created quite a sensation by its yells when Mary was preparing to meet Elizabeth. "Babies at half-price" is a very bad line in a play bill.

J. O. CONNOR & CO.,

PRODUCE COMMISSION AGENTS.

112 Clay street, corner of Drumm. my10-tf

P. A. ESPINA.

...TEACHER OF....

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP

Writing Academy, Room No. 7, over the Hibernia Bank, corner of Market and Montgomery streets, San Francisco. my3-tf

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Diamonds, Fine Watches, Jewelry and Silver.—We offer the largest assortment ever in the city, and at low prices. Great care given to repairing watches. J. W. Tucker & Co., 101 and 103 Montgomery street.

☞ N. B.—Watches repaired with care and warranted. 1y4-tf

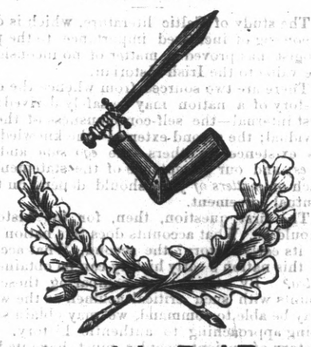
SPECIAL NOTICE.—An article that will firmly mend Furniture, Crockery, Glasswase, Statuary, Meerschaum, Dolls, Toys, Leather, and all ordinary household articles likely to be broken, is as dispensable as it is valuable. These requisites are to be found in the well known Giant Cement, which is put up in tin cans only. It invariably gives satisfaction, and is now for sale by druggists, stationers, grocers, and the Giant Cement Company, No. 417 Washington street (opposite the Post Office) San Francisco. *

GRAND

IRISH NATIONAL

FESTIVAL.

Under the Auspices of the



Knights of the Red Branch

....AT THE....

CITY GARDENS,

SUNDAY, MAY 18TH, 1873.

THE Proceeds will be exclusively applied to advance the Irish National cause.

TWO magnificent Bands have been engaged for the Day and Evening Entertainments.

Splendid Prizes of various kinds will be given to gentlemen, ladies and children for proficiency in the various games.

Several Irish Military Companies will compete in military evolutions for a valuable prize.

A magnificent Grover & Baker Sewing Machine will be given as a Gift to the lady holding the winning number, each lady on entering the Gardens receiving a numbered ticket.

A grand Theatrical Performance, Baloon Ascension and gorgeous display of Fireworks will be among the attrations of the day and evening.

THE GREAT ÆRIAL SHIP

Will be Inflated and Make an Ascension,

Carrying ten well-known citizens.

WONDERFUL ATTRACTIONS!

Ballet! Pantomime! Gymnastic and Acrobatic Exercises!

Engagement of the Celebrated French Dancers

M'LLE THERESE AND MR. SCHMIDT,

....WHO WILL APPEAR IN....

Grand Ballet Pantomime, in conjunction with

PROFESSOR SAMUELS,

Immediately after the Ascension of the ÆRIAL SHIP.

ON THIS DAY THE CENTURY PLANT WILL BE IN FULL BLOSSOM.

TICKETS.....50cts,

Children.....Half-price,

Admitting holder to Gardens and all Amusements.

td

SAN QUENTIN FERRY.

CHANGE OF HOURS.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, FEBRUary 3d, 1873, the Steamer CONTRA COSTA, Captain McKENZIE, connecting with the San Rafael Railroad, will leave as follows:

San Francisco,	San Rafael,
9:30 A. M.	7.45 A. M.
1:00 P. M.	11:15 A. M.
4:30 P. M.	2:30 P. M.

Until further notice, the Steamer will make trips on SUNDAY as follows, leaving:

San Francisco.	San Rafael.
10:00 A. M.	8:00 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	3:30 P. M.

my3-tf CHAS. MINTURN.

GREAT ROUTE AND CONFUSION

In consequence of the removal of the

METROPOLITAN THEATRE

James O'Hanlon

Is obliged to offer his Goods, consisting of Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes of every description at Extraordinary Low Prices.

Call at 725 Montgomery street and see for yourselves.

BOYS SUITS MADE TO ORDER.

THE CHEAPEST STORE on Montgomery St. my3-tf

SAN FRANCISCO

CORDAGE COMPANY.

[ESTABLISHED 1856.]

WE HAVE JUST ADDED A LARGE AMOUNT OF New Machinery of the latest and most improved kind, and are again prepared to fill orders for Rope of any special lengths and sizes. Constantly on hand a large stock of

Manila Rope, all Sizes.

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The Regular

Annual Picnic

....OF THE....

Jackson Dragoons,

....FOR THE BENEFIT OF....

St. Joseph's Church, Alameda,

....WILL BE HELD ON....

Thursday, May 15th, 1873.

....AT....

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Admission to Park:

ADULTS, - - - FIFTY CENTS.

Boats leave Davis street Wharf every half hour.

☞ Tickets to be had of any of the members of the Company. my3-tf

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PICNIC AND EXCURSION

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DIVISION NO. 3, A. O. H.

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Humboldt, Park Oakland,

Sunday, May 11, 1873.

The Dancing Platform having undergone thorough repair, lovers of dancing are assured a good time. Those who may desire to engage in other simple and pleasant amusement will have ample opportunity. Prizes will be awarded to the best lady and gentlemen dancers. Our lady patrons will have the exclusive use of the Shooting Gallery, and prizes will be awarded to the best shot. Various other games will be introduced, and nothing left undone to make the Picnic a grand success.

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The celebrated Irish Piper, will perform some new and popular airs on the Pipes.

TICKETS.....FIFTY CENTS

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THE NATIONALIST

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 10, 1873.

Nationalist Publishing Company.

We have much pleasnre in recording the progress made by the NATIONALIST, particularly since it has become the property of the representative Irishmen of California. We give this week a list of the shareholders who have already paid their assessments, and expect to find a considerable number soon added to it. The names speak for themselves, and promise a brilliant future for our paper. With the generous support already received, and the patriotic exertions of our friends, there is no such word in our vocabularly as fail. The names of the following shareholders, except those of the last two, are inserted in the order in which the shares were sold.

M F Cummings,	J W Collins,
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Dr P J McEwan,	J A Hicks,
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Lawrence Curran,	M C Bateman,
Matthew Noonan,	Ed Noonan,
Thos McInery,	John O'Connor,
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Liberality.

The following from one of the most brillian, writers among the patriot men who rose up at the end of the last century to teach Irishmen the glorious lesson that good men of every kind, creed and class ought to do good for Ireland, should take up arms to defend her, and if needs be die for her,—the man, the whole man, Dr. Drennan, who gave our country the appropriate and descriptive title which has been universally and enthusiastically adopted, the "Emerald Isle," had nearly eighty years ago such intensity of patriotism, such a breadth of comprehension, and such an insight into the requirements of the men of his time, the men of '98, that he preached the gospel of nationality thus:—

What evil power or passion has chained your tongues and fixed your eyes so steadfastly upon the ground; muddied your intelligence, and changed the very shape of your souls? God, God! is it possible it can be Religion? Religion, that descended from heaven to enlighten and enlarge the human mind, to melt down the ruggedness of barbarism into the unsuspicious intercourse, the sweet amenity of civil life, and in place of those grim and horrid deities, who delighted in the sanguine field, in the cries of the captive, and in human sacrifices, to set before our eyes Him, the meek and merciful, who wept over Jerusalem.

When the author of that religion you all profess was told that his mother and brethren were coming to seek for him, he stretched forth his hand to the multitude which surrounded him, a multitude composed of Jews, Gentiles, and Samaritans, and cried aloud, "Lo! my mother! my sister! my brother!"

I call upon you, people of Ireland, in the name of Him, the Great Philanthropist—of Him who, in the torments of crucifixion, sighed out his last breath for the welfare of his enemies—I call upon you, Churchmen, Presbyterians and Catholics, to embrace each other in the mild spirit of christianity, and to unite as a sacred compact in the cause of your sinking country. For you are all Irishmen—you are all matured by the same maternal earth.

The hand of Heaven has broken off this island from the continent, as if to preserve at least one fragment free, and made it your common habitation. That same hand has scooped out your capacious harbors, deepened your ports, and sheltered them from the storms. It has chained down the hurricane, lest it should ravage the land. It has commanded the power which shakes the earth, and terrifies its guilty inhabitants, to be still. It has stifled the raging volcano, and forbids the dreadful visitation of the pestilence. The gentle dews of Heaven drop fatness on your fields, and not even one venomous animal ventures to contaminate their verdure. Dare not to abuse the gifts of God, and show that it is your religion to be free. Dare not to continue in the blasphemy of servitude. Is this a time to pour the poison of long-forgotten antipathies into the ears of the credulous? Is this a time for learned and venerable missionaries to run through the land preaching a crusade, when all should write, speak, and act against the enemy at our doors? Have we not suffered enough already by an aristocracy of opinion? Is not this the time to display our zeal in politics, and our moderation in religion? Oh! let me conjure those among the different descriptions of religion, whether of the established church of the Presbyterian, or Catholic persuasion, who know the imperfection of all human institutions—let me conjure them, at this most trying hour, to unite and from one grand association, one great fund of virtue, good sense, and patriotism, which may yet sustain our tottering credit as a people, and rescue from the jaws of ruin our almost bankrupt reputation. There is, in each of these classes of christians, a select few who have one common object in contemplation, but who are kept apart from each other by the doubts and jealousies of their forefathers, which are, as it were ingrafted into their sweet and generous natures.

Blessed be the man who, in such times, falls like the affectionate Joseph on the week of his brethren, however different in character or situation, and kisses them, and weeps aloud, and says—I am thy brother.

Ancient Ireland.

The study of Celtic literature, which is daily becoming of increased importance to the philologist, has proved a matter of no inconsiderable value to the Irish historian.

There are two sources from whence the early history of a nation may be safely derived: the first internal—the self-consciousness of the individual; the second external—the knowledge of its existence by others—the *ego sum* and the *tu es*; and our acceptance of the statements of each on *matters of fact*, should depend on their mutual agreement.

The first question, then, for the historian should be, What accounts does this nation give of its early history? the second, What account of this nation's early history can be obtained *ab extra*? By stating and comparing these accounts with such critical acumen as the writer may be able to command, we may obtain something approaching to authentic history. The history of ancient peoples must have its basis on tradition. The name tradition unfortuuately gives an *a priori* impression of untruthfulness, and hence the difficulty of now accepting tradition as an element of truth in historic research. But tradition is not necessarily either a pure myth or a falsified account of facts. The traditions of a nation are like an aged man's recollection of his childhood, and should be treated as such. If we would know his early history, we let him tell the tale in his own fashion. It may be he will dwell long upon occurrences interesting to himself, and apart from the object of our inquiries; it may be he will equivocate unintentionally if cross-examined in detail; but truth will underlie his garrulous story, and by patient analysis we may sift it out, and obtain the information we desire.

A nation does not begin to write its history at the first moment of its existence. Hence, when the chronicle is compiled which first embodies its story, tradition forms the basis. None but an inspired historian can commence *In principio*. The nation has passed through several generations, the people already begin to talk of "old times;" but as they are nearer these "old times" by some thousands of years than we are, they are only burdened with the traditions of a few centuries at the most; and unless their is evidence of a wilful object or intent to falsify their chronicles, we may in the main depend on their accuracy. Det us see how this applies to Gaedhilic history. The labours of the late lamented Eugene O'Curry have made this an easy task. He took to his work a critical acumen not often attained by the self-educated, and a noble patriotism not often maintained by the gifted scions of a country whose people and whose literature have been alike trodden down and despised for centuries. The result of his researches is embodied in a work which should be in the hands of every student of Irish history, and of every Irishman who can afford to procure it. This volume proves that the *early* history of Ireland has yet to be written; that it should be a work of magnitude, and undertaken by one gifted with special qualifications; and that it will probably require many years of patient labour from the "host of Erinn's sons," before the necessary materials for such a history can be prepared.—*The Nun of Keumare.*

The Bank of England Forgeries.

A VALUABLE OLD TRUNK IS SECURED AND A QUARTER OF A MILLION OF THE STOLEN U. S. BONDS RECOVERED.

NEW YORK, April 30.—The recovery of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars of United States bonds, which had been obtained by McDonnell, alias Bidwell, and associates, in the late Bank of England forgeries, was made today, the facts concerning which are as follows:

On the 5th of March last a trunk, said to contain wearing apparel, old and in use, was delivered at the office of the North Atlantic express Company, No, 4 Margate street, London, by a person calling himself C. Lossing, and addressed to Major Geo. Matthews, New York, to be kept in bond at the express office, 71 Broadway, New York, until called for. The trunk was duly forwarded by the express company, and was kept in bond by the company until last Saturday, when a woman, (herself Mrs. Geo. Matthews,) presented an order for its delivery at the express office, duly signed "Geo. Matthews."

In the meantime the counsel for the Bank of England had received some information in regard to the trunk, which led to its detention by the Company until to-day, when it was taken possession of, opened and examined, and found to contain a quantity of wearing apparel, old add new; also, two gold watches, several articles, and three packages of United States five-twenty and ten-forty bonds, rolled in soiled linen, amounting in all to $220,950. The bonds were found to be identical in class, amounts and numbers with those advertised by the Bank of England to have been obtained by the Bidwell forgers. In the trunk were also found cards and a card-plate with the name of Geo. Bidwell, a variety of memoranda, bills, &c., showing conclusively that it had been shipped by and belonged to him.

Out of $300,000 obtained from the Bank of England by these forgeries, all but about $30,000 has now been recovered.

AT the regular meeting of the Vacaville Grange of Patrons of Husbandry, held on Saturday, the 26th ult., the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved. That we will support no men for law-makers, or for admistrators of our laws, or for any position of public trust, no matter to what party they may belong, whose character for integrity and honesty of purpose, and where fidelity to the true interests of the farmer (which are the true interests of the country) are beyond a doubt,

Resolved. That we wage no war against railways and other modes of transportation, or upon grain buyers or commission merchants, only so far as their treatment of the farming interest is manifestly unjust and oppressive. So far as they are governed by honesty and fair-dealing, our aims and interests are identical, and we wish to co-operate harmoniously with them. But when they form "rings" or odious combinations to oppress the farming interests and cripple snd crush out the vitality of this great paramount industry of the country, then we may be compelled to beat our plowshares into swords, and our pruning-hooks into spears, and go after the common enemy.

THE NATIONALIST is published as a weekly paper and devoted to the establishment of a Republic on Irish soil, and every Irishmen—let him be Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Gentile or infidel, that loves liberty and the land of his nativity, should subscribe and help the cause of the NATIONALIST. It is no sectarian paper. It belongs to no church; but is a free and outspoken journal, trying to inculcate the necessity of a cordial union among all sections of Irishmen, irrespective of creed, race or locality. The NATIONALIST should prosper on Republican soil as it is a teacher of Republican principles. Office, 5 Post street.—*Thisleton's Jolly Giant May 2d.*

Aaron Burr.

The following interesting extract is from the advance sheets of an account of the life of James Williams, the old negro janitor of Trinity College:

Professor Jim was the slave of Colonel Robart, a retired Revolutionary officer living in Yonkers N. Y. Aaron Burr was a frequent visitor at Col. Robart's house; and a room was alwsys ready for him, as he might stop at any time on his way from Albany to New York. Burr himself Jim describes as a short, rough and ugly man, who swore and cursed constantly, but who in ladies' society was very polite and exquisite. At the time of the duel between Burr and Hamilton Jim was at work in the fields at may time, and his mother was sent on horseback for the batch of papers which was due. She gave the letters, on her return, to her master, and he had scarcely read the first one he had opened when he shouted, "Get a room ready quick, for the little devil is coming!" When afterward he had learned that Hamilton had been killed in the duel, the excitement only increased.

On Wednesday morning, the 11th of July, 1804, Burr and Hamilton met on the heights of Weehawken, and the duel was fonght; on Thursday, the 12th, General Hamilton died, and on Saturday, the 14th, he was interred with military honors.

Burr writes to Joseph Alliston, Esq., from New York, July 13: General Hamilton died yesterday. I propose leaving town for a few days, and meditate also a journey for some weeks, but whither is not resolved. Perhaps to Statesburg. You will hear from me in about eight days. The next letter with any date is from Philadelphia, July 29.

Parton, in his life of Aaron Burr, says that immediately after the duel Burr went to his home in New York (Richmond Hill) and for eleven days strayed at or near this place, writing under cover of friends in Philadelphia to his daughter and son-in-law.

Jim's statement as will be seen, becomes an important one in the history of Burr's life, inasmuch as the missing link in the broken chain of circumstances connected with the history from just before the duel till some months after is here supplied.

Now Jim says, "Burr went first to his own home in New York, near the old State Prison, in West Broadway. By and by a man came up and gave a note to master, that said he was coming. Pretty soon he came up himself in his four-horse coach. His head was bowed down always. He caught right hold of my master's hand, and they went into the house, and we didn't see him again till the next evening. The day that Hamilton was buried was a bad day for him, and he didn't eat any dinner nor go out for his walk along the river, but he walked to and fro along the corridor up stairs, with his hands behind him. We could hear the funeral guns sounding up from New York. Burr kept his servant in the room with him night and day, and he had a case of pistols and a sword in his room with him. He stayed with my master some time, and practiced a good deal of target shooting down by the river bank, and I, myself, have seen a white birch tree, where he had shot twelve balls into a space no larger than my hand.

WHERE BRITISH EMIGRATION GOES.—It appears that emigration was during the last three months of 1872 more active than usual, since no fewer than 37,855 persons of British origin sailed from this country, as against 30,963 in the same period of the year preceding; and here once more we are confronted with the fact that, though the majority of the emigrants are no longer Irish, they still prefer the United States to any of the British colonies. For the last four years emigration has been on the increase from England and Scotland as compared with Ireland, and yet, out of an aggregate of 214,000 emigrants for the whole year, 164,000 threw in their lot with the American Union. Canada and her sister settlements got but 24,000, and the Australian colonies altogether only 15,000 Of the 10,000 not traced we suppose a certain proportion went to the diamond fields; but it is singular, considering the manifold prospects offered by our dependencies, that the United States should still be so unexceptionally attractive. The truth is probably that our colonies are wanting in one recommendation or another. New Zealand, for instance, in climate, soil, space and promise is everything that could be desired; but then it lies at the remotest end of the earth. Canada is close at hand, but the Canadia Winter is rigorous, and the aspect of the country generally less inviting. On the other hand, the United States appears to combine all advantages, boundless territory, suitable climate and accessibility. Besides this the emigrant has all the resources of a large settled population to rely upon, and the various wants of forty millions of citizens multiply indefinitely the chances of employment.—*London Times.*

TEXAS.—Few realize the fact that Texas is larger than Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and the five New England States taken together. If the whole population of the country were settled in it, it would still be far less densely peopled than Massachusetts is at the present moment. And it is as fertile as it is extensive. It is as full of coal as the Schuylkill basin; as abundant in iron, lead and copper as any part of Pennsylvania, Missouri and Michigan; as fit for cotton as the Sea Islands themselves; as various in the finest marbles and granites as any part of the world; as prolific, by nature, in every species of fruit as a tropical region; as good for the cultivation of tobacco as the most famous districts in the Island of Cuba; as favorable to the increase of all kinds of domestic stock as the most covetous can ask; and as delightful and salubrious in climate for the good of mind and person as Italy. It cannot be questioned that Texas is capricious enough and fertile enough for an empire of a hundred millions of people. Yet what is Texas, as a place for building happy homes, when compared with California?

Advices from South Africa announce that the Ashantee nation, to the number of 80,000 men, were marching towards Elmira with the intention of capturing it from the English. Here is a pretty pickle for a Government like Gladstone's to be in, which wants peace with all men, and at any cost.

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NOTICE.
PERSONS DESIROUS OF OBTAINING ROOMS AND BOARD in the new frame building corner of Fifth and Market streets, can do so by applying at 611 Folsom street, bet. Second and Third, as the house will be open from May 1st. m29-tf MRS. H. HANNAH.

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 10, 1873.

THE REVENGE OF DONAL COMM.

[A LEGEND OF GLENGARIFF BY J. J. CALLANAN.]

'Tis midnight, and November's gale
Sweeps hoarely down Glengarav's vale;
Thro' the thick rain its fitful tone
Shrieks like a troubled spirit's moan,
The moon that from her cloud at eve
Looked down on Ocean's gentle heave,
And bright on lake and mountain shone,
Now wet and darkling, journeys on;
From the veil'd Heavens there break's no ray
To guide the traveler on his way,
Save when the lightning gilds awhile,
The craggy peak of Sliav-na-goil,
On its far streaming flashes fall
Upon Glengarav's mountain wall,
And kindles with its angry streak
The rocky zone it may not break—
At times is heard the distant roar
Of billows warring 'gainst the shore,
And rushing from their native hills
The voices of a thousand rills,
Come shouting down the mountain's side.
When the deep thunders peal hath died,
How fair at sunset to the view
On its lover's rock th'Arbutus grew,
How motionless the heathar lay,
In the deep gorge of that wild bay,
Thro' the tall forest not a breeze
Disturbed the silence of the trees,
O'er the calm scene their foliage red
A venerable glory shed,
And sad and sombre beauty gave
To the wild hill and peaceful wave.

To-morrow's early dawn will find
That beauty scattered to the wind;
To-morrow's sun will journey on
And see the forest's glory gone,
Th' Arbutus shiver'd on the rock
Beneath the tempest's angry shock,
The monarch oak all scathed and riven
By the red arrowy bolt of heaven,
While not a leaf remains behind
Save some lone mourner of its kind,
Withered and drooping on its bough
Like him who treads that valley now.

Alone he treads—still on the blast
The sheeted rain is driving fast,
And louder peals the thunder's crash,
Louder the ocean's distant dash—
Amid the elemental strife
He walks as reckless as if life
Were but a debt he'd freely pay
To the next flash that crossed his way;
Yet is there something in his air
Of purpose firm that mocks despair,
What that, and whither he would go
Thro' storm and darkness none may know,
But his unerring step can tell
There's not a deer in that wild dell
Can track its mazy depths so well.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Irish Scenery—Glengariff.

The Bay of Bantry, from almost every point of view exhibits one of the noblest prospects on a scale of romantic magnitude, that imagination can well conceive. The extent of this great body of water, from the eastern extremity to the ocean is about twenty-five miles; the breadth including the islands from six to eight.

It contains, beside some small Islands, two very large ones, differing extremely from each other in quality and appearance, but perfectly suited to the respective purposes of their different situations. Bear Island, very high, rocky, and coarse, standing a little within the mouth of the bay, braves the fury of the western waves, and forms, by the shelter of its large body, a most secure and spacious heaven. Safe in its more retired situation, at the upper end of the Bay, the Island of Whiddy presents a surface of gentle inequalities, covered by a soil of uncommon richness and fertility. The grandeur of the scene in which this noble sheet of water bears so conspicuous a part, is greatly enhanced by the rugged variety of the surrounding mountains, particularly those on the west side, which far exceeds the rest in altitude and boldness of form. Among, these, Hungryhill, rising with a very steep ascent from the water, rises his broad majestic head, easily distinguishable from a great distance, and far surpassing all other mountains of this region in height and grandeur. The effect produced by such an assemblage of objects can hardly be described. The mind, filled and overborne by its magnitude, and feeling the utter incapability of adequate expression, rests upon the scene in silent and solemn admiration. The soul must be insensible indeed which will not be moved by such a contemplation to adore the God of nature, from whom such mighty works proceed. Large as the ground of this picture is, it comes within the scope of human sight, a circumstance upon which the powerfulness of its impression materially depends. A quarter extension of the parts, by throwing them far from view, would diminish their effect, and a reduction of their scale would lessen their grandeur. Much, and justly, as Killarney is celebrated for the beauty of its scenes, no single view it affords can vie with this in sublimity of character, and greatness of effect. But the place most celebrated for combining the softer graces of the waving wood, with the wildest rudeness of mountain aspect, is Glengarav (the rough glen), situated on the north side of the Bay, at the head of a small harbor or cove. The hills that enclose this romantic glen rise in great variety of rocky forms—their sides and hollows being covered profusely with trees and shrubs, among which the arbutus, rarely found to adorn our native woods, appears in a flourishing state. Here, as at Killarney, nature seems to be at wanton variance with herself, and after exciting a war between two rival powers, to have decided in favor of the weaker party. Among stones of an immense size, thrown together in the wildest confusion, and apparently forbidding the possibility of useful produce; among bare massive rocks that should seem destined to reign forever in barren desolation, arises a luxuriance of sylvan growth, which art would hardly hope for in happiest situations. The extent of this woody region, winding through the mountains for some miles is very considerable. Iron was formerly smelted in this neighborhood, when timber was more abundant and less valuable. A river, abounding with salmon and sea trout, runs through this glen; when swollen with rains, it becomes a torrent of fearful magnitude rolling into the bay.

"The last of nature's uncommon and astounding displays that remains to be mentioned is the waterfall, or cataract of Hungry-hill, in comparison with which O'Sullivan's cascade at Killarney sinks into insignificence. The eye, accustomed to the various wonders of Alpine scenery, may doubtless view this stupendous fall with less emotion but what will a lowland inhabitant think of a river tumbled from the summit of a mountain, elevated more than 2,000 feet above its base, and almost perpendicular in its descent? In the first part of its progress, the side hill is so steep as to suffer the water to fall over the vast projections which the spreading base of the mountain opposes to its descent in approaching the bottom. It thus assumes the double character of a fall and cataract. At the back of this great mountain are several lakes, one of which supplies the water of the fall. This grand and singular spectacle often to be plainly distinguished from the town of Bantry, fourteen miles distant, appears in full majesty only after heavy falls of rain, sufficiently frequent in this district to give the inhabitants numerous opportunities of seeing it in all its glory.—*Townsend's Statistical Survey of Corke.*

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—In the remote parts of Arizona it is said that well preserved and extensive ruins have been found which indicate the former existence of populous cities. From an account of these by Colonel Roberts in the *Builder* we quote the following description: "It is surrounded by a wall of sandstone neatly quarried and dressed, ten or twelve feet thick, and originally, judging from the detritus, fifteen or twenty feet high. Within are the walls of houses, temples and markets, all of solid stone and showing excellent masonry. These walls are covered with hieroglyphics, cut deeply into the stone. The whole of the ruins, like most of those of the Orient, and more especially those of Arabia and Assyria, are more or less buried in sand." According to the account, this city is some ninety miles from the boundary between Utah and Arizona, and an equal distance from the Western Colorado line. It is close to the desert, and is surrounded by extensive sandy plains.

Wit and Humor.

A press gang—Printer's devils

Man is a mister, but woman is a mystery.

The acrobats of every household—The pitcher and tumbler.

Query—If a sailor has been traveling on horseback, can it be said that he rowed?

The most important needle-work ever done in the world is supposed to have been done by the mariner's compass.

Old Scotch Lady—"Tak' a snuff, sir?" Gentleman (with large nasal promontory, in indignation)—"Do I look like a snuffer?" Old lady—"Well, I canna jist say you do, though I maun say ye hae grand accommodation."

The difference between a "country" and a "city" greenhorn is, that the one would like to know everything, and the other thinks he can tell him.

Quily, who has heretofore been a Universalist, now believes that there are two things to be eternally lost—his umbrella and the man who stole it.

"How do you manage to get along in Paris without knowing the French language?" inquired a gentleman of Mrs. Shoddy. "Oh! we had an interrupter with us," complacently replied the old lady.

An Irishman, recommending a cow, said she would give good milk year after year without having calves, because it ran in the breed, as she came from a cow that never had a calf.

Pat Doolan, at the battle of Chancellorsville, bowed low at a cannon ball which wizzed just six inches above his head. "Faith," said Pat, "one never loses anything by being polite."

An inebriated stranger precipitated himself down the depot stairs and, on striking the landing, reproachfully apostrophised himself with: "If you'd been a waitin' to come down stairs, why'n thunder didn't you say so, you wooden-headed old fool, an' I'd a come with you an' showed you the way."

An attorney, not celebrated for his probity, was robbed one night on his way, from Wicklow to Dublin. His father meeting Baron O'Grady next day, said, "My lord, have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No, indeed," replied the baron, with a good degree of surprise; "pray, whom did he rob?"

That was a fearful mess in which a paper involved two of its advertisements. The foreman, somehow or another, in placing the type in the form, got an obituary notice mixed up with a menagaris advertisement, so the following appalling paragraph met the eye of the reader: "Died—On the 12th inst. William H. hyena and the baby elephant. M'Manus, at the age of six comic moles, whose loss is our gain. Professor Johnson, who enters the den of lions, afflictions sore long time placed his head in the mouth of the ferocious physicians were in vain, and the performing monkeys will join him on the other shore with the gun which comes from the desert of Africa, where the funeral takes place at four o'clock, and the friends of the family are invited. Admission 25 cents, children to proceed to Blackwood Cemetery. Peanuts for sale on the grounds. Gone, but not forgotten."

THE Sisters of Mercy have taken possession of the building at Monkstown, County Dublin, Ireland, which will henceforth be known as St. Michael's Hospital for the relief of the maimed and stricken poor of the parish of Kingstown. The afflicted of every creed will be cared for within its walls, and the noble charity, conceived in the true spirit of genuine Christian benevolence, will be applied, as far as its resources will extend, to all who require or seek its aid, no matter what may be their religion. The hospital is already in full working order, and ready for its great and holy work.

COUNTY DIVISION.—When the law was passed for erecting a portion of Santa Barbara county into that of Ventura, it was provided that Commissioners should ascertain the balance of liabilities and assets of the old county and apportion to the new county its equitable share. The Commissioners have reported the total indebtedness of Santa Barbara county at $70,544 18; assets $72,256 33. This leaves a balance of $1,682 15 on hand, of which the amount apportioned to Ventura county is $581 52. Thus the county goes into business without debt, and with a small sum for its officers to try their 'prentice hand upon.

BELGIUM, though not half the size of Ireland, displays an amount of pluck which would do honor to an empire. She has stationed a man-of-war at Ostend to prevent the encroachments of English fishermen.

F. J. THOMAS. THEO. KULL. FRANK MANON. WM. M. HINTON.

COSMOPOLITAN PRINTING COMPANY.

No. 505 CLAY STREET,

N. W. corner Clay and Sansome.....SAN FRANCISCO.

Printing of Every Description Neatly and Cheaply done.

Billheads.....$3 to $4 per 1000.

Cards.....$2 50 and Upwards.

mh9-tf

Yates' Branch Saloon

...AND...

BILLIARD HALL,

Corner of Market and Third Streets, San Francisco.

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars....English Ale and Porter on Draught....Ale, Beer and Porter Five Cents per Glass....Genuine Staffordshire Ale.

fy2-tf YATES & CO., Proprietors.

The Seal Rock House.

CAPT. HENRY FERNNO, - - - Proprietor.

This pleasant wayside resort is situated on the Ocean Beach, near the Cliff, and is the only place on the route where parties taking the drive can procure The Best Liquors and Cigars, for 12½ cents.

jy4-tf

Jackson Michigan Wagon.

The largest assortment on this coast now in store and for sale very low—all Wagons warranted for two years.

J. D. ARTHUR & SON.

Corner of California and Davis Streets, San Francisco.

jy4-tf

The Union Pacific Salt Co.

All kinds of Salt, including Rock, Ground and Liverpool, constantly on hand and for sale.

PACKED IN EVERY STYLE AND VARIETY FOR THE TRADE.

OFFICE:—No. 218 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

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T. F. BAINES. JAS. J. CANIFFE.

CELTIC CLUB HOUSE.

Baines & Caniffe.....PROPRIETORS

Always on hand an excellent stock of SUPERIOR BRANDIES, WINES, LIQUORS AND HAVANA CIGARS.

No. 1022 MARKET STREET, between Fifth and Sixth, San Francisco. jy4tf

HIBERNIA HALL,

246 THIRD STREET,

McMANUS & MURPHY.....PROPRIETORS.

The best Wines and Liquors constantly on hand. Dublin and London Stout. Irish and Scotch Whisky.

mh29-tf

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CORNER OF

First and Clementina sts., San Francisco.

TAUTPHAUS & STARK, - - Proprietors.

FAMILIES SUPPLIED WITH ALL KINDS OF MEATS and vegetables, at reasonable rates. All goods delivered free of charge. jy4-tf

Z. H. CUNNINGHAM. G. W. PARKER.

CUNNINGHAM & PARKER,

BLACKSMITHS, CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKERS.

JOBBING of every description executed with dispatch in a workmanlike manner.

Nos. 654, 656 & 658 Howard st., near Third, San Francisco. jy4-tf

E. SCHLOTT. J. SCHMIDT

MUSIC FURNISHED

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BY

Ernst Schlott & Jos. Schmidt.

Orders may be left at Feldbush & Co.'s Musical Instrument and Toy Store, No. 207 Montgomery Street, Russ House Block.

Private Residence of Mr. Schlott, No. 432 Chestnut Street. Private Residence of Mr. Joseph Schmidt, (former Leader of the Department Band) No. 1025 Washington Street. fy16-tf

For a Short Time Only.

$10,000—To any person able to equal MADAME SCHWŒRER, Clairvoyant and Professor of Great Mysteries. She cures all sickness or no charge. Consultation given on all affairs. Talismans for love, prosperity, family unhappiness. Also, see your intended. Fee, 50 cents up, Corner Folsom nd Seventh Streets, (over fruit store) San Francisco jy4-tf

Mrs. Dillon & Mrs. Kenealy,

FASHIONABLE MILLINERS.

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Mourning Goods constantly kept on hand Hats and Bonnets Bleached and Pressed. Country Orders promptly attended to. jy4-tf

European Singing Birds.

Canaries, Thrushes, Larks, Blackbirds, Nightingales, Goldfinches, Etc.

A Variety of Cages on hand. Seed for sale.

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EXTENSION HOUSE,

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Between Second and New Montgomery, SAN FRANCISCO.

Board and Lodging (per week).....$5 00

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FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

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No. 158 THIRD STREET,

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A large Assortment of Housekeeping Goods always on hand.

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CATHOLIC BOOK STORE!

H. C. BATEMAN, No. 203 Kearny Street,

Has just received a New and Elegant Stock of

Holy Bibles and Prayer Books,

Bound in fine Velvet, Mother of Pearl and Ivory Beads, and Medals in Gold and Silver, Pearl, Garnet and Amber. Also, a first-class stock of Books, suitable for presents, by the best Authors. jy4-tf

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NO. 321 MONTGOMERY STREET, NEAR California Street, under the I. O. O. F. Hall. Masonic, Army and Navy Goods a Speciality. jy4-tf

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No. 127 FOURTH STREET,

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No. 517 Clay Street, Commercial Steam Printing House San Francisco jy4-tf

S. A. GORDON. M. BURKE.

Market Street Cigar Store

GORDON & BURKE,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

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GAFFEY & KEARNS,

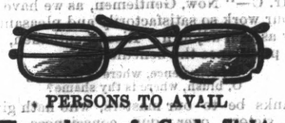
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Choice French Wines and Liquors,

CALIFORNIA WINES AND BRANDIES.

No. 25 Second street, near Stevenson, (opposite the Grand Hotel), San Francisco. fy9-tf

Now is the time for all



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Themselves of Good Sight.

The latest improved Spectacles. Weak sight strengthened, strong sight preserved, by the use of these Spectacles; superior to any now in common use; persons may use these for any length of time without causing the sight to ache. Spectacles for $1, and upward. As I have had 26 years practice in the business, I have good experience in suiting sight. All kinds of spectacles repaired and reglassed by J. O'NEILL, Optician. 407 Third street, near Harrison. jy-tf

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Framing and Re-Gilding Done at Lowest Prices.

Goods will be sold on weekly installments, if required. mh9-tf

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24 THIRD STREET,

Keeps constantly on hand the best quality of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Also—Superior Brands Old Bourbon Whisky, Old Martel and Sazerac Brandies, Pure Old Scotch and Irish Whiskeys. Also, Pure Holland Gin and Jamaica Rum. de4-tf

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

Cor. Beale and Folsom Sts., San Francisco.

CORNELIUS MALONEY.....Proprietor (Late of the Franklin House.)

THE UNITED STATES HOTEL HAS been thoroughly renovated and fitted up in superior style. Parties who have sent to the States for friends, or who expect friends, will please notify C. Maloney, and he will attend to them on arrival, and forward them with due care to their destination.

A Library is attached to the house for the use of its patrons; also, a fire-proof safe, where money and other valuables are taken charge of at the risk of the proprietor. An Omnibus, with the name of the Hotel thereon, will be at the wharf to convey passengers to the Hotel free of charge. jy4-tf

March Styles Of

E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S CELEBRATED PATTERNS for Ladies', Misses', Boys' and Little Children. These Patterns are the Standard for American fashions. Send postage stamp for price list and illustrated catalogue. ADDRESS

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113 Kearny Street, San Francisco. mh9-tf

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FOR YOUR

BOOTS AND SHOES!

NO. 11 THIRD STREET,

NEAR MARKET.

You can save from 50 Cents to $3 on every pair of Boots and Shoes you buy.

Gents' Double Sole Kip Boots	$2 50
Gents' French Screwed Boots	4 00
Gents' Custom-Made Sewed Boots	6 00
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Gents' Congress Gaiters, $1 50 Tap Soles	2 50
Gents' Custom-Made Box Toe Gaiters	4 50
Gents' Screwed Oxford Ties	2 00
Boys' French Screwed Boots	2 50
Boys Copper Toe Boots	1 50
Boys' Screwed Lace Shoes	1 50
Boys' Oxford Ties	1 75
LADIES WEAR.	
Ladies' Scoll Vamp, Double Sole Bals	$2 00
Ladies' Kid Fox Double Sole Bals	1 75
Ladies' Kid Fox Button Boots	3 00
Ladies' Kid Fox Long Gaiters, Double Sole	2 75
Ladies' Fine Calf Bals, High Cut	1 75
Ladies' Goat Balmorals	2 75
Ladies' Kid Slippers....$1 00....French Kid	1 50
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We also keep on hand a large assortment of Hand Sewed Boots and Sewed Box Toe Gaiters. Besides a thousand other Bargains at

Nolan's Mammoth Shoe Store

No 11 THIRD STREET, Near Market.

"Sign of the Big Boot." jy4-tf

P. KELLY,

Prize Boot Maker,

No. 335 Bush Street.

IS DETERMINED TO SELL FIRST-CLASS Boots and Shoes at lower prices than any other store in the city. Read the following list of prices:

LADIES' DEPARTMENT

French Kid Boots reduced to.....$6 50

A full supply of White and Pink Kid and Satin Slippers always on hand. Kid Foxed Scolloped Button Boots and Kid Foxed Balmorals at the lowest prices.

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

Misses' Kid Button, Black and Bronze, reduced to	$3 50
600 pairs Kid Foxed Balmorals	2 00
400 pairs Kid Foxed Balmorals, full scollop	2 50
Strong School Shoes	2 00

A large stock of Children's and Infant's Shoes at greatly reduced prices.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

Fine Hand-Sewed Dress Boots	$10 00
Fine Hand-Sewed Double Sole Boots	10 00
Fine French Calf Screwed Boots, Tap and Double Sole	5 00
Gents' Box-toed Gaiters	5 00
Oxford Ties	3 00

A full supply of Boys' and Youths' Boots and Oxford Ties at greatly reduced prices, at

P. KELLY'S, Prize Boot Maker

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M. F. WALSH,

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New Building, 905½ Market street, corner Fifth, San Francisco.

Orders promptly attended to. A good fit guaranteed. Repairs neat y executed. jy4-tf

STEPHEN THOMAS,

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LADIES AND MISSES BOOTS MADE TO ORDER.

Paris, London and Melbourne. No. 142 Fourth Street, San Francisco. jy4-tf

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BOOT MAKER,

Nos. 227 and 229 Bush street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

All the latest styles of Boots and shoes for Ladies, Misses, Children and Gents made to order at the shortest notice. Also, a full assortment of Benkert's Philadelphia Boots. jy4-tf

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SELLERS & KING.

Boot and Shoe Store,

No. 19 Third Street, Cor.

Stevenson, San Francisco,

Dealers and Manufacturers of Ladies', Gents' and Children's Shoes; also, a large stock of Boots and Shoes always on hand, at lowest prices.

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD. jy4tf

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WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

No. 515 California Street

Above Montgomery, next to the California Market

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B. J. HEAVY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.

No. 53 Everett street, between Third and Fourth, San Francisco.

A Choice Selection of Wines and Liquors for Family and Medicinal use always on hand.

Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the city. mh9-tf

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

K Street Sacramento.

MARTIN & EISENMENGER, Proprietors.

Board per Week	$4 00
Board and Lodging per week, from	$5 00 to $6 00
Meals	25
Lodging, from	25 to 50

The Cars pass the Hotel every fifteen minutes to all parts of the city. jy4-tf

Bootz's Hotel,

485 Pine Street,

Between Kearny and Montgomery....SAN FRANCISCO.

Board and Lodging, (per week).....$5 00 to $7 00

Board per Week.....$4 00

JULIUS OSIANDER.....Proprietor. mh2-tf

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 10, 1873.

England and the East.

The *Weekly Dispatch*, a London paper, thus discourses on the manner in which France has got the inside track of England:—

The First Napoleon said that in order vitally to wound England, the blow must be struck not across the British Channel, but in India. There was great sagacity in this remark, which had also been made by the French General Dupleix; but what influence did it have on the English mind? Scarcely any. We have been aroused out of our apathy, from time to time, by such events as the Afghan War and the Sepoy Mutiny; but, although our Queen has been crowned empress of Hindustan, with a hundred and fifty millions of people directly subject to her sceptre, and fifty millions more under her political protection, there is less of understanding and sympathy between these islands and that magnificent continental dominion than between Liverpool and the Orkneys. The singular fact is, that our rivals, long ago defeated in Asia, appear to comprehend our advantages more intelligently than we do ourselves. Thus, France is gaining—or, rather, has stolen—a march upon us in respect of the Suez Canal. This is our imperial highway; we opposed its construction at the beginning, but we carried our opposition too far, and the French, the Sultan, and the Viceroy leagued against us in a resolve which not even the tenacity and prejudice of Lord Palmerston could withstand. In vain he pleaded the arbitrary power which would be conferred upon France of closing at pleasure the gateways of our Eastern commerce and authority; in vain he pointed out that they would usurp the whole authority. The fruits of the mistake are now being gathered. France has three-fourths of the canal property in her hands, the tariff of tonnage is regulated by her pleasure; the only tribunals for decision or arbitration are the French Consular Courts in Egypt, and England is simply permitted, upon sufferance, and under an almost penal tax, to approach the ports of her Indian Empire. The vision of Holkar has been fulfilled. The Isthmus of Suez has a breadth of about eighty miles, yet it made a difference in the Indian voyage from Southampton to Bombay of not far from five thousand; this, again quoting the First Napoleon, would be "a stepping-stone to conquest in the East." Masters of Egypt, masters of Syria, what would prevent our very friendly neighbors from prosecuting their projects up to the very gates of our Indian Empire? They clung to this idea with the tenacity of an ardent and hopeful genius until it was fully accomplished; and here we must remember that French geography and hydrography surpass the English by degrees hardly calculable. Seventy-four years ago they dissipated the illusion that the Mediterranean was thirty feet below the level of the Red Sea at Suez, and that, during six months of the year, a ship could not get out of this latter sea, and, in another six months, could not get into it in consequence of the prevailing forces of the monsoon. The two seas, in 1847, were surveyed, and their levels found to be practically equal—the difference of a few inches not militating either way. Then, as the history runs, England bent all her efforts to create a railway, while France persevered with her scheme of a canal ninety miles in length, 330 feet wide, 20 feet in depth, furnished with vast sluice-locks at each end, and cut in many parts through the living rock. Our opposition to the project failing, it would have been a judicious policy to assist it, but we did not do so. The two artificial harbors at the outlets of either sea are in the hands of France, and the entire traffic is liable to whatever regulations she may insist upon. All the supposed physical difficulties have been overcome, all the anticipated privileges have been won by our competitors. A barrier is thrown across our path which we may have one day to take by storm. Moreover, we must bear in mind the tricks and falsehoods of French geography. It was an art of those who compiled atlases, even so long ago as the celebrated expedition to Egypt, to indicate perils which had no existence, as it was of the Dutch when they wanted to exclude English and Spanish commerce from the Indian Archipelago. We have had more than enough of this deceit. The laws governing the navigation of the Suez Canal are direct acts of hostility toward England. Not that we have any one except ourselves, in the first place, to blame. We have played the part of a dog in the manger, and been duped by those easy-minded officers who have been paid absurd stipends for making fallacious surveys. "Three hundred millions of Chinese," remarks Mr. Wingrove to Cooke, in his conversational volume on the Vermillion Empire, "draw on a pair of blue cotton drawers every morning." Why should not these garments be made in Manchester? Why, indeed! But we are abandoning the gates of the East to the French and to United States influence. Let it be borne in mind that the greatest commerce of Europe with the extreme East is now carried on through this channel; all the trading activity of America with China is witnessed on the same route; the Canal brings us, geographically, almost as near to the East Indies as to the West, and yet we make use of its facilities under sufferance, and on the payment of extortionate charges. The Red Sea might, any moment be made a *Mare Clausum*, so far as we are concerned.

The Farmers and the Politicians.

The men who till the soil are getting tired of the men who pull the wires. They have had politicians of all parties riding on their backs and clutching their throats in much the same way that the "Old Man of the Sea" fixed Sinbad the Sailor. They propose to free themselves from the incubus. They will have a tough job of it they know it. Captain William Haynie, in addressing the Sacramento Farmers' Club, last Saturday, showed the plausibility of the politicians in public and a little of their rascality in private. Respecting the latter, he says:—

"Now, gentlemen, let us take a peep into the secret chamber; when assembled at the midnight hour in secret conclave these same (so-called) gentlemen are gathered; they have received full instructions from their masters, and are told to be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves; and to him who can display the greatest amount of villainous tact and talent, and use the most deceit and deception in furthering the interest of the great corrupting power successfully, to him shall be given the biggest piece of pie that can be found in San Francisco's Federal appointments. The first speaker, Mr. S, addressed himself to Mr. C and his squad of spies: "Well, gentlemen, what have you to report? How about the situation? What are to be our tactics?"

Mr. C—"Well, gentlemen, we have interviewed the people and the farmers thoroughly, and no mistake. They are in earnest, and their demands are awful, and any gentleman present who is not provided with a powerful conscience, a terrible big mouth and a huge stomach, had better absquatulate before we make our report, for we can assure you that we have some terrible bitter pills to swallow, and we have been creditably informed that our opponents of the other political party intend to swallow them, and if we do not we will go up sure, and we will be dead beats for four years." Silence for the space of ten minutes. Mr. C rises—"Well, gentlemen, as none of you seem disposed to leave, I take it for granted that you are all true blue, and will prove faithful unto the end. As we have said, we have examined the people and the farmers, and they demand that we pledge ourselves to economy, against corruption, repeal the fence law, repeal the tax on growing crops, regulate freights and fares, repeal the specific contract Act," etc., etc. Another silence for five minutes. Mr. C rises again—"Well, gentlemen, what will you do with the proposition? Can we get it into our platform, and if so, how can we deceive the people after we adopt it? How is it with you, Mr. J. C. R. S. W. V., can you take stock in the platform containing these planks?" Mr. J—"Yes, sir-ee; we see no difficulty in taking our share of stock in the platform; but we do so with a positive mental reservation. If we are nominated and elected then our mental reservation will be a grand reserve to fall back upon when any inducement is offered. And should we fail of election then we can remain champions of the people and farmers, which will place us in good position at the next election."

Mr. C and squad, (simultaneously,)—"Bully for you, gentlemen. Mental reservation: that's good; how devoted you are to the cause, and how liberal and delighted will be our masters when they hear of this piece of strategy. Well, Mr. H, how is it with you? Can you take stock in the reform platform?"

"Oh, yes; I'll have no difficulty. I'll jump right on board of the most radical car you've got in the platform, and, you bet, I'll put on the steam and I'll go to the Legislature or burst her boiler, that's sure; and then you know as soon as we reach the Capitol I'll jump off and tell the engineer to go on, as I do not intend to ride on that car any further."

"Good for you; how glad you make our hearts (from half a dozen voices); you stand a chance for that big piece of pie, sure;

"Well, Mr. S., what do you say. How much stock will you take in this bitter pill operation?" Mr. S: "Well, gentlemen, I must confess that the gentlemen who have preceded me in accepting the situation in so statesmanlike a manner, have almost taken the wind out of my sails. But still, not to be outdone, and to prove to you how profoundly devoted I am to our master's cause, just put me down for two hogsheads of stock in that reformation project." [Great excitement.] (Half a dozen voices simultaneously), "Why, Mr. S., you cannot carry that load; it will swamp you in utter ruin." Mr. S.—"Keep cool gentlemen, I'll manage the two hogsheads."

Mr. C.—"Gentlemen, I hope you will not get nervous. Give our friend S. a chance to explain."

Mr. S. (rising to explain)—"Well, gentlemen, I intend to go the whole hog. I am aiming very high for something to catch flies on. I'll never get so high as to earn that piece of pie. Consequently, I shall have to fill those two hogsheads full of molasses; for you must know that the people and the farmers are just as easily caught as so many flies and in all my speeches I'll fill them with molasses." Yes, and when one of them opens his mouth I'll just pour a cupful down his throat. Then if he ever had any doubts in reference to me, they'll vanish like the morning dew before the summer sun."

Mr. C—"Now, Gentlemen, as we have finished our work so satisfactorily and pleasantly, we may as well adjourn. Rise, gentlemen, and I will pronounce the benediction.

'O, conscience, where is thy sting
O, blush, where is thy shame?

Thanks be to our masters, who hath given us the victory over our consciences and our blushes." This, gentlemen, I admit, is a very ludicrous scene, drawn in somewhat humorous style; but I submit, is it not a true statement of facts when applied to the wire-pullings and villainous corruption of the political parties of the present day?

The Chinese and the Supervisors.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8th, 1873.

ED. NATIONALIST:—Our Board of Supervisors appear to have awakened at last to the paramount importance of the Chinese question: and forgetting for one night the usual squabble about Alms House contracts, and Industrial School floggings, have devoted a short time to considering the subject that now agitates the mind of the public. Perhaps the members of the Board think they have performed their whole duty in passing some buncome resolutions on the subject; if they entertain any such opinion they are grievously mistaken, and will bitterly regret their error after the next election.

But if they are in earnest and really desire to arrest the evil that like a cancer is destroying the prosperity of our city and State let their efforts assume a practical shape. The Board of Supervisors is the legislative branch of our city government, and possesses the power to pass ordinances to prevent the "Chinese" from herding together in vast numbers in one building, or living like rats in a hole, in cellars without light or air. To prevent this would be an act of philanthropy to them, and is imperatively demanded for self-preservation by the community. Compel the Chinese to live in a manner that is not a disgrace to our boasted civilization, and with some regard to sanitary laws and these heathens cannot live so cheaply, and will not be able to send through their savings so much of our gold to China, nor will they long continue to work for such extremly low wages; as their expenses are increased so will their demand for wages.

I have said it rests with our Supervisors to do this, they have also the power to prevent these people from flaunting their hideous harlotry in our faces, demoralizing and diseasing our youth, and destroying all semblance of regard for virtue or morality.

Let them be shut up in a quarter by themselves where their obscenity and filth will not continually offend the senses. All here suggested is within the power of our Board of Supervisors to perform, and could not be excepted to by that shining light Supervisor Forbes, nor even by the immaculated (?) Story.

If the present Board fails to perform its duty in this respect, let the people see to it that after the next election, we may have a Board of Supervisors that *will pass* and *enforce* ordinances such as here suggested, and give the present members an opportunity of attending to their private affairs.

ANGELO.

Civilization.

Our friend G. A. K., in last week's *Guardian*, goes after scalps in the following vigorous manner:

Civilization, in its present state, is nothing better than the old barbarism in a new dress. New words and new systems hide the old iniquities; but they exist, and cannibalism is practiced every day by highly respectable citizens. Civilization permits us to assume titles. We have "Professors" possessing just as much education as enables them to read the morning papers; and we have quacks, who are permitted to call themselves "*Doctors!*" Search through the history of savage life, and you can not find any evidence that will make any savage appear worse than the ignorant quack. He has a knowledge of his ignorance; he calls himself "doctor," and takes, to his own relations, the sick people of his tribe, medicine that is useless if he is not a human fiend, and dangerous if he is. Captains Jack's medicine-man is a barbarous savage; but is he as bad a sample of humanity as our own quack doctor? Before you answer this question let the quack have all the advantages conferred by a solemn air, good clothes, and spectacles. The quack kills his friends, his enemies, and strangers; he drinks their very blood; he walks the steets in good clothes; and that common sham—civilization, calls him a gentleman! Killing enemies and eating them uncooked, was the savage system. Civilization conceals the bones and blood, and permits the cannibal to feast undisturbed. Eating friends alive is a barbarous practice not confined to any particular class. It seems to be the whole duty of politicians to elect a man to any position where he can put his hand into the public purse, and does he not imagine himself entitled to drink the life-blood of his best friends—the people? They hear of his iniquities, but they are all cannibals; every one of them longs for a drop of his neighbor's blood—not liquid, but in gold; and, therefore, they are silent, or applaud the deceiver if he has proved himself to be a real human tiger.

The late war in this country was a dreadful illustration of modern barbarism, but the sudden cessation of slaughter, when the war ended, is evidence of a civilization unequalled in Europe. It is a fact that will shine forever in glorious annals. It is a light by which we see the gigantic power and future glory of the great Republic. The people looked magnificently, proclaiming peace, and they are destined to look magnificently, once more—raising a thousand living statues of stern justice, decreeing the death of innumerable shams, and the birth of a glorious reformation.

We suppose the thousand statues are to ornament a thousand scaffolds.

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